This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

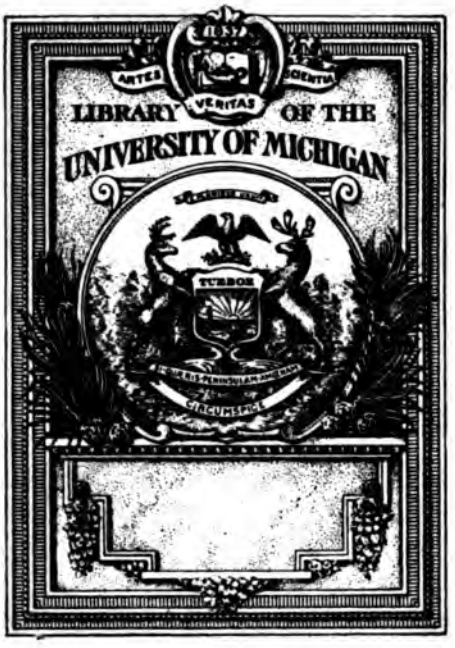
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 953,703


ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR

8229
C28
G77

The University of Chicago

LODOWICK CARLELL

[illegible]

"THE DESERVING FAVOURITE"

[illegible]

A DISSERTATION

[illegible]

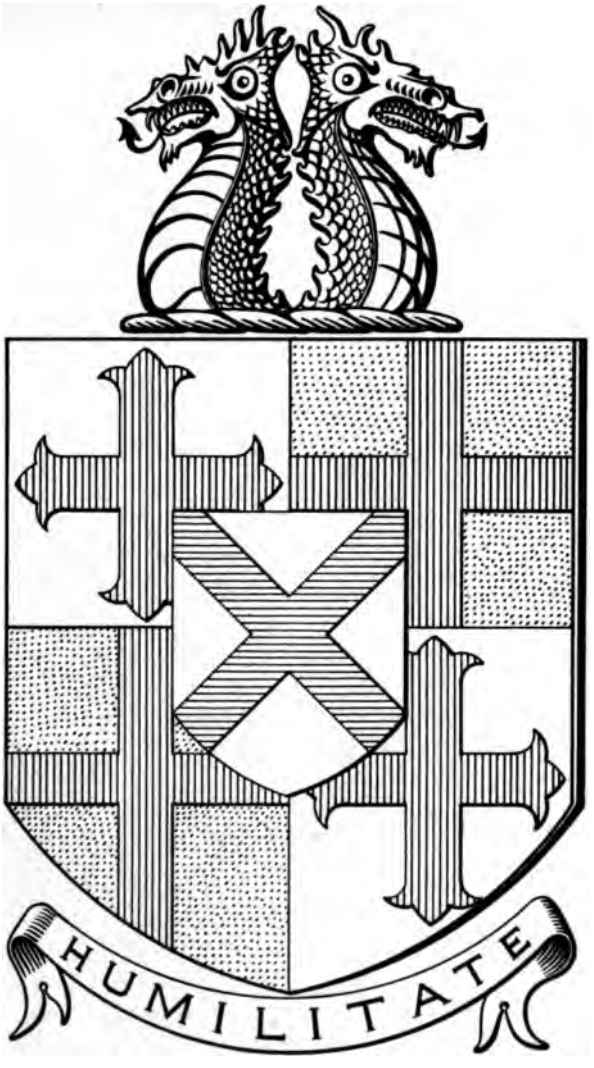
[illegible]

CHARLES H. CAST

[illegible]
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1910

822.9
C28
G77

COAT-OF-ARMS OF CARLYLE OF BRYDEKIRK[1]



[1] "Quarterly first and fourth, argent, a cross flory gules; crest, two dragons' necks and heads addosse, vert; motto, Humilitate. So illuminate in old books." Nisbet's *Heraldry* (Edinburgh, 1722), Vol. I, p. 132.

The University of Chicago
FOUNDED BY JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

LODOWICK CARL(I)ELL

HIS LIFE, A DISCUSSION OF HIS PLAYS, AND

"THE DESERVING FAVOURITE"

A TRAGI-COMEDY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1629
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

A DISSERTATION

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL OF ARTS
AND LITERATURE IN CANDIDACY FOR THE DEGREE
OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

[DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH]

BY
CHARLES H. GRAY

CHICAGO
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1905

PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

PREFACE

The following dissertation presents the life and works of Lodowick Carliell—his career in detail, and his literary production through a representative play and a summary and criticism of his other plays. It is designed thus to introduce an author who needs such a service; for Carliell's biography has not been written until now, and his works are almost lost. The justification of this attempt to revive the memory of an author well-nigh forgotten must depend upon considerations as to the value of his performance in the development of English literature, and in particular of the drama. In both the writer believes that Lodowick Carliell should have a place, and he hopes to complete this undertaking by reprinting at some future time the remainder of Carliell's plays.

Assistance in the preparation of this dissertation is gratefully acknowledged from Professor F. I. Carpenter, who suggested the subject, lent his copy of the play, with other rare books, and gave painstaking and skilful aid throughout the work; and from Professors J. M. Manly and R. M. Lovett, whose counsel and criticism were invaluable. Thanks are due Miss Edith Rickert for efficient services at the British Museum and elsewhere in England, and Mr. Milton A. Buchanan, for investigations in the National Library at Madrid. General Thomas Carlyle-Bell, formerly of Dumfries (deceased), and Colonel William Bell, of Stirling, Scotland, gave kind encouragement and courteously allowed the examination of family papers.

S 2 2.7
C 2 8
G

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	3
INTRODUCTION	9
Biography of Lodowick Carliell	9
List of the Plays	46
Discussion of the Plays	47
"THE DESERVING FAVOURITE"	56
The Source	57
Editions	69
Text	70
Notes	163
APPENDIXES	167
Copy of the Disposition of New Park	169
"Bridekirk's Hunting"	174
Copy of the King's Warrant in Favor of Eleanor Carlisle	175
Lodowick Carliell's Will	176
Joan Carliell's Will	177

INTRODUCTION

BIOGRAPHY OF LODOWICK CARLIELL

Lodowick Carliell bears a surname that is one of the most conspicuous in English literature, for he belongs to the family of which Thomas Carlyle was a later and the most famous representative. The latter says his grandfather used to collect a sum sufficient for his half-year's rent, and, leaving the mother with her little ones to manage very much as she could, he would meanwhile amuse himself hunting with the Laird of Brydekirk, who held the relation partly of attendant and henchman and partly of kinsman.[1] Brydekirk, only a few miles from Ecclefechan, was the birthplace of Lodowick Carliell. When Thomas Carlyle was told that his ancestry had been traced by a Dumfries antiquary[2] to the first Lord Torthorwald, from whom were descended the Carlyles of Brydekirk, he "thought on the whole that the descent was real."[3] And he himself wrote an article entitled "Short Notices as to the Early History of the Family of Carlyle,"[4] which contains mention of direct ancestors of Lodowick Carliell.

But Carliell deserves notice for his own sake. His long career is notable for the identification of its fortunes with those of the Stuarts, and for its connection with the stage during the reign of a house specially favorable to the drama. As a courtier dramatist of the time of the Stuarts, Carliell is an interesting figure among playwrights. His life, moreover, may now

[1] Thomas Carlyle, *Reminiscences*, ed. by Froude (New York, 1881), p. 15.

[2] Probably T. J. Carlyle, author of *Review of the History of the Family of Carlisle* (Dumfries, 1881). Such a book was privately printed, but it cannot be found either at Dumfries or in the British Museum.

[3] Froude, *Thomas Carlyle—A History of the First Forty Years of His Life* (New York, 1882), p. 2, note.

[4] *Journal of the British Archæological Association* (London, 1854), Vol. IX, p 174.

be known in its full course, without the gaps that make the record of many of the early English dramatists incomplete or vague. Born about the time of the accession of James I, Carliell came to court during the last years of that king's reign; produced his plays under the patronage of Charles I; suffered reverse of fortune and the extinction of his profession through the civil wars; and was restored to fortune and fame under Charles II, in whose reign he died. His life is a document of dramatic history, illustrating the last chapter of that intimate connection between the stage and the throne which characterizes the early periods of the English drama.

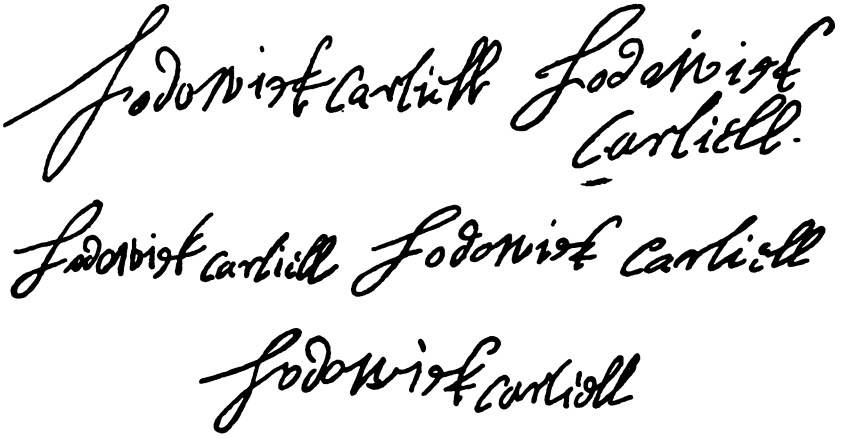
Like many another of the early English playwrights, great and small, Lodowick Carliell has been to us but an author. Of the man, his career and personality, there was no known record, not even a random item concerning dramatic employment or the customary vicissitudes of a poet's Bohemian life. All that was known was the scanty information gleaned from the title-page of one of his plays and the general tradition concerning him. The following passage from Langbaine's *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, the work of a contemporary of Carliell, may well serve to illustrate the amount of recorded information about our author soon after his death (1675):

> Lodowick Carlell, Esq.—This Gentleman flourisht in the Reigns of King Charles the First and Second. He was an Ancient Courtier, being Gentleman of the Bows to King Charles the First, Groom of the King and Queen's privy-chamber, and served the Queen-Mother many years. His Plays (which are Eight in number) were well esteem'd of, and most of them appeared on the Stage, at the Private-house in Black-friars, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Stage in those days. The Names follow.

The plays are then briefly discussed, principally with reference to sources. The *Dictionary of National Biography*, the best modern authority on English biography, representing a summary of all trustworthy extant information, has to offer sub-

stantially nothing more. We have known, then, practically only Carliell's eight plays, and these little more than by name, for they have never been republished in modern times, and copies have become very scarce—inaccessible, indeed, to all but the specialist. And as to the author himself, we have known nothing about the details of his life. It will be the purpose of this chapter to construct from facts newly discovered a biography of Lodowick Carliell.

The name of the subject of this biography is spelled in various ways: Carlell (on the title-pages of his plays), Carlisle (Winstanley's *Lives of the Most Famous English Poets*), Carliell (Hazlitt's *Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain*), Carlile (*Calendar of State Papers*). The last spelling has claims to correctness, since on the title-page of one of the playwright's known plays, *Arviragus and Philicia*, his autograph is said to occur as "Lodowick Carlile."[1] But this assertion cannot be accepted as decisive. The following signatures are tracings from receipts in the *Exchequer Accounts* (Bundle 438, No. 11; year 1631):



[1] *Sixth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts* (London, 1877), Part I, p. 312.

In the disposition of New Park, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, occurs the following signature:

All these signatures are evidently by the same hand, and we must conclude that the true spelling of our author's name is Lodowick Carliell.[1]

This matter of spelling is, of course, not essential; in any one of its forms the name is unmistakable, especially when taken in connection with the given name of Lodowick. There does enter, however, a difficulty involved in the name—one of such gravity that it had best be discussed at the outset. It concerns nothing less than the playwright's identity. The facts are these: The Exchequer receipts already referred to are of 1631, but the disposition is of 1679(?), and yet Lodowick Carliell was buried in the year 1675. Evidently a discrepancy, and a contradiction sufficient to render suspicious all statements made concerning Lodowick Carliell the dramatist, unless it can be removed; for the Carlisle family in all its branches was a large one, and there were at this time three, perhaps four, bearing the name Lodowick. One was the dramatist's grandson; one died abroad in 1691 and is possibly the same person as the preceding; another died in 1721; and still another seems to have died in 1725, as letters of administration were granted then to his widow.[2] Although it seemed probable, on account

[1] The signature upon the title-page of *Arviragus and Philicia* was probably written by the owner of the book, for Oldys makes note in his copy of Langbaine opposite *Arviragus and Philicia*, 1639: "It has not any Author's Name to it in the copy of that date which I have seen." "Langbaine, Interleav'd with MS. Notes by Oldys," Vol. I, p. 46. My own copy of *Arviragus and Philicia* is without author's name upon the title-page.—ED.

[2] Nicholas Carlisle, *Collections for a History of the Ancient Family of Carlisle* (London, 1822), p. 404; and Colonel Bell's manuscripts.

of the agreement of all the items gathered concerning Lodowick Carliell, that they referred to the dramatist, yet to be certain it was necessary to remove this conflict of dates. The date of the Exchequer receipts is unquestionable, being taken from the original records in the Rolls House, London; the date of burial is likewise beyond doubt, being copied direct from the church register. The only thing left was to prove the date of the disposition. The original document is in Edinburgh, and on examination it solved the difficulty. A copy of the entire document will be found in Appendix A; here I quote only the decisive passage:

. . . . & in witness whereof (written by Mr patrick Crawfurd servitor to John Crawfurd wryter to his Maiesties Signet) I have subscribed thir presents with my hand Att the Pell Mell in Westminster the twenty fourth day May Mvj & seventie ane years Before thir witnesses Charles Gray Residenter in the Pell Mell in Westminster and James Rolls Writer in Edinburgh filler up heir of and inserter of the date & witnesses namis

Lodowick Carliell

The explanation is a very simple one: the copyist, who made the copy in 1749, read "ane" as "nine," and various people who have considered the problem during the past eighty years, since the appearance of Nicholas Carlisle's book, after suggesting various untenable theories, have gone no farther. The date of the disposition is 1671, instead of 1679. In the original deed the two words might be confused, but with a glass the reading is clear, namely, "ane." Furthermore, Lodowick Carliell's signature to the disposition is unquestionably in the same hand that signed the early receipts. It altered very little in forty years. This agreement of signature, the discrepancy in dates having been removed, is the very best kind of argument as to the identity of the person of that name. We must feel sure that all the facts collected concerning Lodowick Carliell who signed the Exchequer receipts, who disponed New Park, are connected with the dramatist, the subject of this biography.

Moreover, this disponement proves to be exactly the missing link connecting the playwright definitely and indubitably with the Brydekirk branch of the Carlisle family; without it there is nowhere any definite statement of Lodowick Carliell's parentage. Again I quote only the significant passage:

Be it kend till all men be thir present letters Me Lodovick Carliell esquyer and Brother and air to umquhill James Carliell sone to umquhill Harbert Carleill of Brydkirk heretable proprietor of the lands and otheres underwritten . . . . to have sauld . . . . All & Haill The ffourtie shilling land of auld extent of New Park.

Having established this point of parentage, we may now find our author in the genealogy of the old and important family of Carlisle, whose history has fortunately been gathered in the following work: *Collections for a History of the Ancient Family of Carlisle*, "by Nicholas Carlisle, Assistant Librarian to his Majesty, and Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London" (London, 1822). But as the relationships given by Nicholas Carlisle are not in all cases established, the genealogical table on the opposite page is tentative and merely the most reasonable that can be drawn up from the known facts.

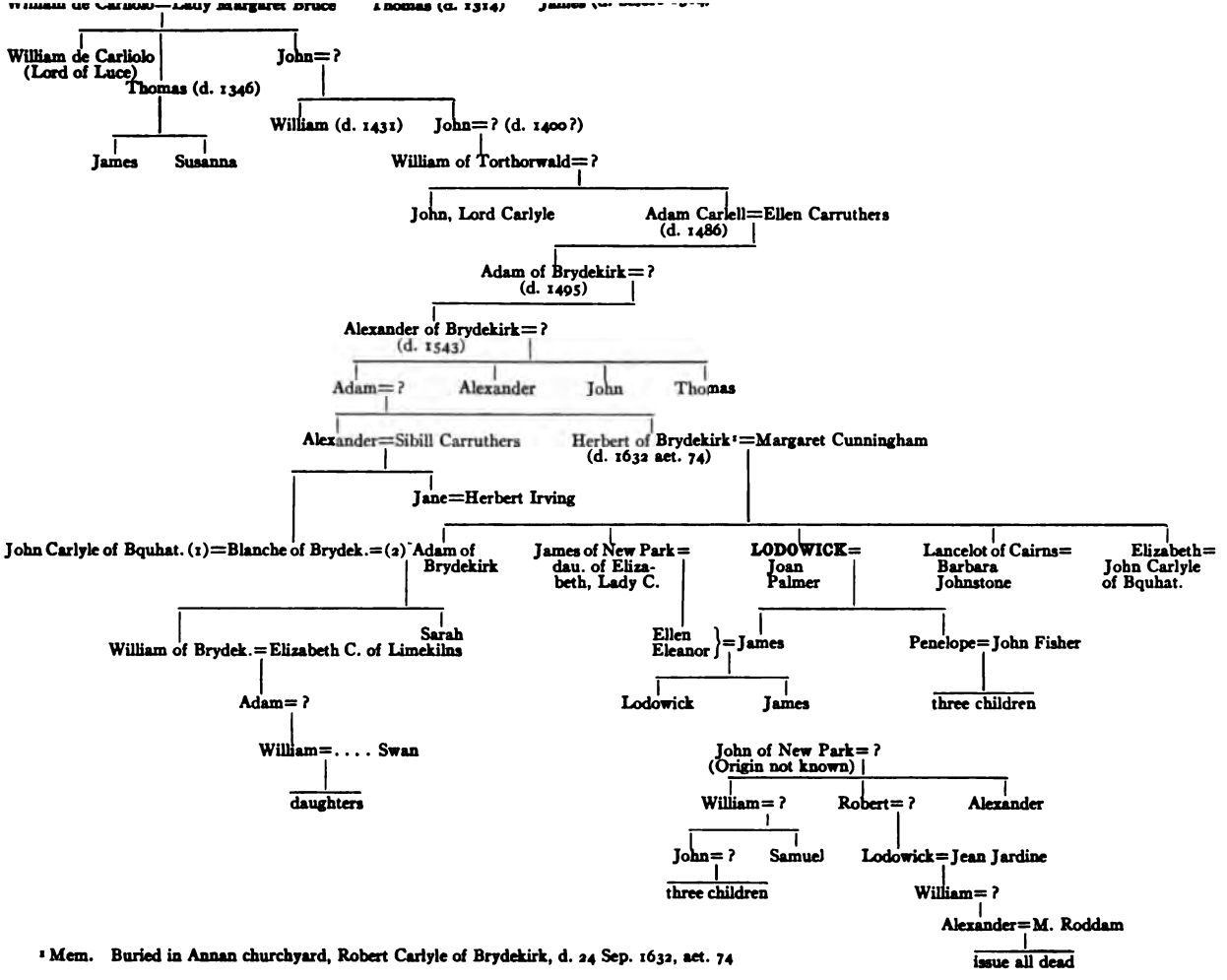
The traditional ancestor of the Carlisle family was Crinan, Abthane of Dunkeld, whose son Maldred married Bethoe, daughter of Malcolm II of Scotland; and their son was the Duncan whom Macbeth slew in 1039.[1] Needless to say, the descent is not clearly established, although it has apparently been accepted by the family. Lodowick Carliell belonged to the Brydekirk branch of the Annandale family of his name. Briefly the record of the Carlisles down to the first Carlyle of Brydekirk is as follows:

1. Sir Ade, or Adam, de Karleolo, who had a charter of Kynemount and other lands in Annandale about the year 1170, was a vassal of William de Bruce, second Lord of Annandale.[2]

[1] Manuscript notes of General Carlyle-Bell.

[2] Nicholas Carlisle, *Collections*, p. 68.

GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF CARLISLE



[1] Mem. Buried in Annan churchyard, Robert Carlyle of Brydekirk, d. 24 Sep. 1632, aet. 74

2. Gilbert de Carlel, 1296, swore fealty to Edward I of England.[1]

3. Sir William de Carliolo, mentioned before 1303, married Lady Margaret Bruce, sister of King Robert Bruce.[2]

4. His son, Sir William de Karliolo, Lord of Luce, was killed in 1333.[3]

5. Thomas de Carliolo and John were brothers of the last named. "Dominus Thomas de Torthorwald" was witness to a charter concerning the fishing of the water of Annan, and he and James were witnesses to the Earl of Carrick's grant of land to augment the park of Kynemount. Thomas was slain at Durham, 1346.[4]

6. James, son of Thomas, was killed at the battle of Halidon Hill, 1333. He had no issue.[5]

7. Sir John de Carlyle had a license, March 29, 1329, from Thomas Ranulph, Earl of Moray, to enclose his park of Kynemount.[6]

8. Sir John de Carlyle was one of the sureties, November, 1398, for keeping a truce with the English. He died before 1436.[7]

9. Sir William de Carlelle of Torthorwald was a man of considerable importance. In 1413 he was one of the hostages for the payment of the ransom of the Countess of Douglas. In 1436 he was one of the train of knights and esquires who attended Margaret of Scotland into France upon her marriage with Louis the Dauphin. In 1443 he gave a bell to the town of Dumfries and acquired an estate called Limekilns. A Sir William de Carlelle was a guarantee for truce with the English in 1449, 1451, 1453, 1457, 1459; but only in 1457 is he called "de Torthorwald, Scutifer." He died in 1463.[8]

[1] Nicholas Carlisle, *Collections*, p. 71. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 73.

[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 67, 74, 75, 80. [4] *Ibid.*, pp. 78, 80. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 79.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 81. [7] *Ibid.*, p. 81. [8] *Ibid.* pp. 81-83.

The first eight mentioned are doubtless more or less closely connected with Lodowick's ancestry; and though it is impossible to determine their exact relationship, the allusions to them give a general impression of the early rank and importance of the family. The last mentioned, Sir William, had two sons: John, who became the first Lord Carlyle, and "Adam Cairlell, Senior," who in 1486 was attorney to the seizin of his brother in the lands of Torthorwald.[1] Adam, the son of the latter, had a charter from John, Lord Carlyle, dated May 7, 1495, of the lands of Brydekirk and Turnshaw, and part of Dalebank, and of Dalebank again in 1498.[2] This begins the Brydekirk branch, to which Lodowick belonged. Alexander, son of Adam, had from Michael, fourth Lord Carlyle, a charter of Brydekirk and Limekilns in 1543, and in 1546 seizin of the lands of Brackenquhat, and in 1559 a precept of Brydekirk.[3] Adam, son of the preceding, had in 1559 precept from Michael, Lord Carlyle, of Limekilns, Potterlands, Milnside, Brackenquhat, Rutherford, Buss, Gibson's Field, and Strait. He had two sons, Alexander and Herbert, of whom the former left two daughters, but no sons.[4] Herbert, born 1558, became in 1593 one of the "curators" of his kinsman John, Lord Michael's grandson. In 1619 he is mentioned as one of the vassals of Torthorwald, styled sometimes "of Bridekirk" and sometimes "callit of Bridekirk, or Braidkirk." He died in 1632 and was buried in Annan churchyard.[5] His four sons are styled: Adam of Bridekirk, James of New-Park, Lodowick of New-Park (the subject of this biography), and Lancelot of Cairns. His daughter, Elizabeth, married John of Brackenquhat (the second).[6] Lodowick Carliell had two children: James, whose issue was Lodowick and James; and Penelope, who married John Fisher of the Middle Temple, Gent. and left three children.[7]

[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 170, 171. [2] *Ibid*, p. 171. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 171. [4] *Ibid.*, pp. 171, 173.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 181. [6] *Ibid.*, p. 192. [7] Will of Joan Carliell, Appendix E.

Lodowick's boyhood was probably spent at Brydekirk, in Dumfriesshire, situated in the extreme south of Scotland and bordering upon Solway Firth. Dumfriesshire contains the plain where the Cheviot Hills make a barrier not quite complete between England and Scotland, and, being thus the natural passage-way between the countries, it was the scene of much guerrilla warfare. The people of Dumfriesshire were bred to the use of arms; and as they were themselves necessarily subject to frequent losses of their flocks and property by the depredations of their neighbors on the English side, so they often depended upon what they could acquire in the same manner.

Annan was the principal residence of those bold men of Annandale, famous in Scottish history for exercising such constant warfare with the English borderers that they became even in respect to their Scottish neighbors incapable of the order, the moderation, or the civil submission of peace.[1]

Brydekirk is four miles distant from Annan. In the petty warfare and general lawlessness of the border life, the Carlisles figured prominently. When in 1547 the English, headed by Sir Thomas Carleton, made a foray into Annandale, the Laird of Drumlanrig, and with him his friends and kinsmen, Alexander Carlell, Laird of Brydekirk, and his son Adam, the young laird, refused to submit to the authority of the king of England, or to give assurance of peaceful behavior.[2] In 1587 complaint was made before the Commission of the West Marches of Scotland against the West Marches of England by the friends of Adam of Carliels and the Bells against Walter Grame of Netherby, Davie and Willie his brothers, Richie's Will, and Rob of the Fald, for burning Goddesbrig and killing or carrying off 3,000 cows and oxen, 4,000 sheep and goats, and 500 horses and mares, estimated at £40,000 Scots.[3] It is not surprising

[1] R. Forsyth, *The Beauties of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1805), Vol. II, pp. 204, 271.

[2] Nicholas Carlisle, *Collections*, pp. 171, 172. [3] *Ibid.*, pp. 172, 173.

to find that a feud arose from the death of Adam Carlill, "Scotisman," between the Grames and the Bells, Carlills and Irwins, which in 1582 was spoken of as "like to be the gretest feud ever on these Borders."[1] "The brokin men, thevis and malefactouris of the surenamis of Johnnestoun, Bell, Armestrang, Carlile, Batiesoun, Irwing and uthiris" are mentioned in an act concerning the form of trial of complaints in the West Border, Dumfries, November 26, 1597.[2] And an act concerning attempts at subterfuge by those "brokin" men of the West March to whom his Majesty had granted their lives under certain conditions, names among others the Carliles.[3] Again in 1594 the Carleillis are included in a strongly worded decree regarding thievery and other kinds of lawlessness.[4] Records of forays and of bonds to keep the peace are frequent in the name of the Carliles.[5] And today the minister of Brydekirk, although he knows no details, has a strong impression, based on local tradition, that they were a lawless, fighting lot.

Although Lodowick Carliell was not an actor in this life of the border banditti, since, as will be shown, he left home as a lad, yet he must have inherited rugged characteristics from his forefathers. What they were like may be inferred from Thomas Carlyle's description of his grandfather, of whom he says:

> The man in honor, *the* man, of those days, in that rude border country, was a drinker and hunter; above all a striker. My grandfather did not drink, but his stroke was ever as ready as his word, and both were sharp enough. He was a fiery man, irascible, indomitable, of the toughness and springiness of steel.[6]

[1] *Calendar of Border Papers*, ed. by Joseph Bain (Edinburgh, 1894), Vol. I, p. 84.

[2] *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, Vol. V, p. 423.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 425. [4] *Acts of the Parliament of Scotland*, Vol. IV, p. 72.

[5] *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, Vol. II, p. 364; Vol. VI, pp. 472, 846.

[6] Thomas Carlyle, *Reminiscences*, ed. by Froude (New York, 1881), pp. 17, 26.

Of the same purport, but describing the other sex, is the following account of a visit made to Lodowick's birth-place, by Alexander Carlyle, D.D., in the year 1732:

Among the places we visited was Bridekirk, the seat of the eldest cadet of Lord Carlyle's family, of which my father (William Carlyle, D.D.) was descended. . . . . We did not see the laird, who was from home; but we saw the lady, a much greater curiosity. . . . . I had never seen such a virago as Lady Bridekirk, not even among the oyster women of Prestopans. She was like a serjeant of foot in women's clothes; or rather like an overgrown coachman of a Quaker persuasion. On our peremptory refusal to alight, she darted into the house like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a pint bottle of brandy—a Scots pint, I mean—and a stray beer-glass, into which she filled almost a bumper. After a long grace said by Mr. Jardine, ... she emptied it to our healths, and made the gentlemen follow her example; she said she would spare me as I was so young, but ordered a maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. The Lady was famous even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and in battle; she could drink a Scots pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreperous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors, or to bed, as she found most convenient.[1]

Annan today is entirely modern, because of the numerous devastations it has suffered in war. On the low hill at the north end of the town, overlooking the river, is the site of Bruce's castle, which in the reign of James I was destroyed, the stones being used to build the church. This, too, was torn down as unsafe some thirty years ago. The adjoining graveyard is not used, and, although cared for now, was at one time greatly abused. Many of the stones were moved and laid in lines to form paths among the graves, so that with rain and wear they are illegible. None can be deciphered as belonging to the Brydekirk family, although Nicholas Carlisle in his time seems to have found some. Annandale from the town to Bryde-

[1] *Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk* (Boston, 1861), pp. 20, 21.

kirk is very charming. The river is not very wide, perhaps a hundred to two hundred feet, but swift and with pools as much as forty feet deep. It is famous, as it was of old,[1] for its fishing. The banks are low, broad meadows near Annan, but soon rise steeply to a height of from fifty to a hundred feet, heavily wooded; the river flows with very little curve.

Brydekirk itself stood in the old parish of Luss, which is now joined with Hoddom and Ecclefechan. Luss Manse is about a mile from Brydekirk, on the opposite side of the river, and, although the church is gone, there are still graves with epitaphs to Carliells, but none are legible as belonging to Brydekirk. Perhaps the position of the family demanded that they should be buried in the more important town of Annan, four miles away. Brydekirk village is new, having been built entirely in the early part of the nineteenth century, but about half a mile to the north it is possible to identify the site of the Carliell homestead. The house was torn down and built up into a mill, which was in turn converted into farm out-buildings. Only one fragment remains of the old wall, which by its castellated top suggests that it was originally a portion of one of the border "peel" towers. It has the look of having been a strong fort, in front the river bank falling steeply and on one side a gully. About a quarter of a mile up the river is a tiny well, with stone masonry of archaic cutting, called "St. Bride's[2] Well," which figures in local tradition and was undoubtedly connected with the original Bryde Kirk, which has long since disappeared. The whole district shows traces of Irish Christianity, and Ruthwell Cross is scarcely ten miles distant. The estate of New Park is now a farm.

[1] *Acts of the Parliament of Scotland* (Vol. V, pp. 146, 147) mention the "salmond and other fishe within the water of Annand betwix the marche of Brydekirk and the fute of the said water of Annand, rinnand in the water of Sulway under the barne kirk."

[2] Saint Bridget's.

I have dwelt thus at length upon remote facts of my author's ancestry and upon general matters of environment concerning him, because heretofore he has been merely a name attached to certain plays only rarely mentioned in English literature. Now that he appears, as I trust, a real person, it is my purpose to tell as completely as may be the story of his experiences and his career as a dramatist.

Lodowick Carliell was born in the year 1602, as appears from the following marriage license:

July 11, 1626, William Palmer, Gent. of St. James Park, alleges the marriage of Lodowick Carlile, Esq. Bach^r, 24, and Joane Palmer dau. of said William, 20, at St. Faith's, London.[1]

Doubtless his birthplace was Brydekirk, his father's estate, for there is no record of Herbert of Brydekirk's leaving the homestead, and there is a record of his having been buried in Annan churchyard.

The given-name Lodowick has been useful in distinguishing the playwright from among the many Carlisles that appear in the public records of England. It is not a common name, and may cause question why it was selected by the child's parents. The following theory seems justified from a consideration of the alliances of Lodowick's parents and of his own career—that he was named after Lodovic Stuart, Duke of Lennox and Richmond. The latter's record is as follows:

Lodovic Stuart, born 1570, died 1624; succeeded as second Duke of Lennox, in Scotland, 1583; Heritable Great Chamberlain of Scotland; Heritable Sheriff of Dunbarton; Privy Councillor of Scotland, 1589; President of the Privy Council, 1589; Joint Lieutenant of Scotland, 1589–1590; Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King James VI (Scotland), 1590; Lord Chamberlain of the Household, Scotland, 1590; High Admiral of Scotland, 1591; Governor of Edinburgh Castle, 1601; Ambassador Extraordinary to France, 1601; Ambassador Extraordinary to England,

[1] *Harleian Society Publications*, Vol. XXVI, p. 171; (*Allegations for Marriage Licenses Issued by the Bishop of London*, Vol. II).

1601; First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King James I, 1603; Privy Councillor, 1603; K. G., 1603; naturalised in England, 1603; Keeper of Grafton House and of Grafton and Hartwell Parks, 1605–1609; Keeper of Stoke Park and Bailiff of the Manor of Potterspury and Keeper of the Park, 1605–1609; Keeper, Warden, Governor and Chief Forester of Salcey Forest, 1605–1609; created Baron of Settrington and Earl of Richmond, 1613; Lord Steward of the Household, 1615; Joint Commissioner of the Great Seal, 1621; Constable of Windsor Castle, Warden of the Forest, Parks, and Warrens, and Lieutenant of the Castle and Forest (in reversion), 1622; Earl of Newcastle on Tyne, and Duke of Richmond, 1623.[1]

Now, it was in the Great Forest at Richmond that Lodowick Carliell became keeper, and at Petersham close by he was buried. Petersham, Richmond, and Windsor are near together, and it may well be that Lodowick Carliell held this position, similar to the duke's, but much humbler, through his favor. The duke was a Scotchman and one of the Stuarts, to whom the Carliells were devoted for many years. It will be shown later that Lodowick's father had the favor of King James, that Lodowick himself was a lifelong and successful courtier under Charles I and Charles II, and that other members of the family enjoyed royal bounty. On account of the striking similarity of name, the allegiance of the Carliell family, and certain facts in Lodowick's career, it appears that the child was named after Lodovic Stuart, Duke of Lennox and Richmond. Such a godfather would account for Lodowick's success at court, where the duke must have exercised influence proportionate to his high position, as appears in the following entry:

On the same day, February the 16th instant [1624], as the King was ready to go to the parliament, and divers of the Lords in their robes, already on horseback, and thousands of spectators ready to behold them, died Lewis Steward, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, suddenly and unexpectedly, at Whitehall; whereupon the beginning of the parliament was deferred till the Thursday following. His death was generally reported to be natural by an apoplexy, though many suspected it to be violent by poison; which

[1] James E. Doyle, *Official Baronage of England* (London, 1886), Vol. III, p. 121.

latter conjecture was rather believed after the death of James Hamilton, Marquis of Hamilton, another Scotchman, awhile after in March ensuing, a little before King James deceased; the manner of whose death, and the view of the dissected body upon his decease, much confirming men's suspicions that he perished by a violent intoxication.[1]

Lodowick's father, according to the genealogical table, was Herbert of Brydekirk, who died in 1632, aged seventy-four years. But on the same page is a memorandum that one *Robert* Carlyle of Brydekirk was buried in Annan churchyard in 1632, *aet.* 74. From the exact correspondence of the dates, it seems possible that Robert may be a mistake for Herbert. In the disponement of New Park[2] Lodowick's father is called Harbert, and also on his tombstone, which reads as follows:

Heir lyes the body of a worthy gentleman Herbert Carliell, Laird of Brydekirk, who lived in credit and commendation among his friends and died in Christ Sept. 1632, of his age 74.[3]

Further, a Herbert Carliell was present at the parliament held at Linlithgow, December 10, 1585, when a special act was passed exonerating the Earl of Morton and his followers for their "deeds of hostility and horrid outrage."[4] But, on the other hand, it is stated by Miss Johnstone that the heirs of the Carliles of Bridekirk possess the monument of their ancestor who was buried in Annan churchyard, and although on it he is called Herbert, yet the printed *Acta Dom. Con.* always call him Robert.[5] In 1602 James Johnston of Westraw pledged himself that William Irving and Robert Carlile of Bridekirk would keep the peace. Again, Robert Carlile, Laird of Bridekirk, is mentioned

[1] *Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Bart., during the Reigns of James I and Charles I*, ed. by J. O. Halliwell (London, 1845), Vol. I, p. 241.

[2] See Appendix A.

[3] Miss C. L. Johnstone, *The Historical Dumfriesshire Families and the Border Wars* (Dumfries, 1889), p. 129, note.

[4] *Acts of Parliament of Scotland*, Vol. III, pp. 387, 394.

[5] Miss C. L. Johnstone, *op. cit.*, p. 129.

in 1608 as one of the nearest of kin, when Sir James Douglas, who had married Elizabeth, Lady Carlile, the Torthorwald heiress, was killed.[1] If Herbert and Robert are to be identified, this would be true enough, as Herbert's son James married Douglas' daughter. As both citations call Robert "of Brydekirk," and as the epitaph quoted by Miss Johnstone specifies Herbert as Laird of Brydekirk, and as the allusions are contemporary, it seems highly probable that the names have been confused and that they mean one person. Neither in writing nor in sound (at that time) were they unlike. That confusion did arise, probably from the fact that "Hobbie" was used as a nickname for both names, is shown by records in the *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, which name a Habye Carlile of Brydekirk in 1590, a Harbert Carlile of Brydekirk in 1597, a Robert Carlile of Bridekirk in 1606, a Hobby Carlile of Brydekirk in 1607, a Robert Cairlile, Laird of Brydekirk, in 1609;[2] all of which entries must apply to one person, namely, Lodowick's father (born 1558, died 1632).

Further, in this connection, we find the following paymaster's warrant:

James by the grace of God &c. To the Treasurer and Under treasurer of our Exchequer greeting. Whereas our servant Robert Carlill one of our Huntsmen hath brought unto us out of our Realme of Scotlande Certaine houndes fitt for our service to be imployed for our disport and recreacon Our pleasure therefore is and we will and commaund you out of our treasure remaynyng in the Receipt of our Exchequer forthwith to paie or cause to be paied to the saied Robert Carlill the some of one hundred poundes lawfull money of Englande as of our free gifte and princely Rewarde, the said somme of one hundred poundes to be paied to the saied Robert Carlill or his assignes this without accompt imprest or other chardge to be sett uppon him or them for the same or for anie part thereof And thees &c Given &c.

By order of the L. Treasurer

4 March 1623/4[3] Windebanke.

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 17.

[2] Vol. IV, p. 790; Vol. V, p. 743; Vol. VII, p. 639; Vol. VIII, pp. 8, 239.

[3] *State Papers*, Dom. Jac. I, Warrant Book, Vol. XVIII, No. 72.

Since Herbert and Robert are the same person, the Robert Carlill who was huntsman to King James I and brought the hounds from Scotland was really Herbert, Lodowick's father. The matter is settled beyond doubt by the following entry:

Windsor, 16th July 1629. Letter from his Majesty anent hounds.

Charles R. Right, etc. Being informed by Ludovick Carlill, our servant, how that in the tyme of our lait deere father of worthie memorie order wes given for breeding of good hounds within sax myles of Dumfreis, Lochmaben, and the toun of Annand, and for restraining the killing of haires with gunnes and gray hounds within the saids bounds; and we being no less willing that the lyke course should be taken now for preserving the game there, our pleasure is that yow call before yow Harbert Carlill, his father, who (as we ar informed) wes cheefelie entrusted to see that order putt in executionn, and after yow have informed your selffes by him of what hes beene formerlie done in that purpose in the tyme of our lait father and how far at this tyme yow may lawfullie and convenientlie proceid heirin, that accordinglie yow give order to the most sufficient men in these parts for seing the saids abuses restrained. Whiche recommending to your care we bid yow farewell. Frome our Court at Windsore the 16th of July 1629.[1]

In the year 1617, when Lodowick was fifteen years of age, occurred a memorable event for Annandale. It was a royal visit to Dumfries, which possibly brought about for him the opening of a career and his removal from a Scottish hamlet, with the forays and brawls of its border clans, to the metropolis and the refinement of the court. When King James visited Dumfries (about twelve miles distant from Brydekirk), August 3, 1617, and presented to the citizens, in token of amity, the little silver cannon that they still have, all the leading families of the country round about were present. The Cunninghams were prominent in the king's entertainment; Cuthbert Cunningham was town clerk, and in the "Painted Chamber" of his mansion occurred the royal banqueting.[2] It would be but

[1] Royal letters, 1623–32, Fol. 182, a. *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, Second Series, Vol. III, p. 222.

[2] William McDowall, *History of the Burgh of Dumfries*, 2d ed. (Edinburgh, 1873), pp. 297 and 300.

natural for Margaret Cunningham, Lady Brydekirk, to seek her son's advancement through the influence of her kinsman. Lodowick's father, too, a master huntsman to King James, could have assisted. If further influence were needed, there was Lodowick's probable godfather, Lodovic Stuart, Duke of Lennox, lord steward of the household. And still further, Sir James Douglas, who in 1595 had consented to his wife's bestowing New Park upon James Carlile (later her son-in-law), had a brother, Sir George Douglas of Mordingtoun, who was one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to James I. So Lodowick might have been recommended at the time to the notice of King James, his older brothers Adam and James being already provided for, in at least four ways. As Lodowick was certainly in London by 1621 and in the king's favor, as appears from the following letter, it would seem that he may have been taken up by King James in 1617.

1621, Nov. 11, Royston. George (Marquis of) Buckingham to Lord Cranfield in favor Lodowick Carlisle, applying for the wardship of one Walter Mildmay, his son, if the mother do not compound within the time limited; the King favours him. (Seal, arms, with the Garter.)[1]

If he left home at the age of fifteen, Carliell could scarcely have had a university education; nor can his name be found in any of the university lists. But, in the light of his several plays, one a translation of a French play, another drawn, as I shall show, from a Spanish source, and all denoting considerable literary ability, we must suppose that he had at least a good foundation for an education, as in the case of Shaksepeare, and that, in a similar manner, he learned in after-years the things necessary to his literary craft.

When Lodowick Carliell went to court, a youth, to seek his fortune, it was natural for him to choose an occupation for which his early training had fitted him. His father had been

[1] *Fourth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts* (London, 1874), Part I, p. 278.

master huntsman to the king, and Lodowick followed in his father's footsteps. It is possible he was assisted in gaining a position in the forest by the Lodovic Stuart, Duke of Lennox and Richmond, already mentioned, who was in 1622 made warden of the forest, parks, and warrens at Windsor. It is not known how early Lodowick obtained such a position, but we know that it was certainly by 1630. Probably it was much earlier, since as early as 1621 the king and the Marquis of Buckingham lent him their influence.

That Lodowick was enjoying royal favor and holding several offices by 1630, is shown by the following receipts:

Receaved the twelfe day of January 1630 by mee George Mynores by assignmt made to me by Lodowick Carliel the somme of six pounds six shillings being pte of his wages for this qter. I saie Rec . . . . [In the margin of the page, the signature] George Mynors. [In the other margin the caption] Groomes of the privy chamber [and below it] Lodowick Carliel.

Receaied more the XVIth day of Maye 1631 by mee Lodowick Carliel the somme of eight poundes fowerteene shillings in full of this quarter. I saie Received . . . . Lodowick Carliell.

Receaved the XXIth daye of June 1631 the somme of fiefteene poundes seaven shillings six pence in full of my wages for the qtr. ended at Christide last past. I saie Receaved . . . . Lodowick Carliell [in the other margin, the caption] Huntsmen [and below] Lodowick Carliel M^r^ of the Bowes.

Receaved the XXIth day of June 1631 more the somme of thirty seaven poundes ten shillings, in full for the forsaid Quarter allowed mee for keeping the houndes. I saie Receaved . . . . Lodowick Carliell [in the other margin the caption] More to him for keeping the houndes.

Receaved the fift day of December 1631 by mee Lodwick Carliel of Sir Richard Wynn the somme of six poundes five shillinges in full of Thomas Hughson his wages for the Quarter ended at the feast of the Nativitie of our Saviore Last past. I saie Receaved to the use of Thomas Hughson . . . . Lodowick Carliell [in the other margin, the caption] Yeomen harriers [and below] Thomas Hughson.[1]

Entries of this character continue. We find that Lodowick Carliell received pay as groom of the privy chamber on May 21

[1] *Exchequer Accounts*, Bundle 438, No. 11.

and October 31, 1631; May 1 and 4, September 30, and November 6, 1632; May 23, April 22, and November 15, 1633; June 3 and November 19, 1635; as huntsman (and master of the bows), June 21 and December 1, 1631; June 2, September 30, and December 1, 1632; June 4 and November 26, 1633; June 3 and December 7, 1635; for keeping the hounds, June 21 and December 1, 1631; June 2, September 30, and December 1, 1632; June 4 and November 26, 1633; for Hughson, yeoman-harrier, December 1 and 5, 1631; June 16, January 6 and 19, 1632; June 24 and November 15, 1633; June 3 and November 19, 1635.[1] In the queen's book of household expenses, "The Booke of Establishment" from Michaelmas 1629 to Michaelmas 1630, signed by her March 20, 1629, Lodowick's name appears twice: first, as one of eight "Groomes of the privy chamber," each with a salary of £60 per annum; second, as first in the list of huntsmen. Here, in 1629, and perhaps earlier, began Lodowick's long-continued service of the queen, of whom he speaks in the "Advertisement to *Heraclius*" (written soon after 1660) as "my most gracious Mistress whom I have so long served."

By the year 1636–37 Carliell was promoted to be one of two keepers of the royal deer park at Richmond, on the south bank of the Thames, about ten miles from London. There is on record a warrant of Charles I directing that there be paid

unto our trusty and well beloved Lodowicke Carlile and Humphrey Rogers or their assignes the Summe of one hundred Poundes of lawfull money of England for provision of Pease, tares and haye for the red and fallow Deere in our great Parke at Richmond.[2]

Humphrey Rogers was granted money (£290) for building a lodge for himself in the park.[3] There is no record of a similar payment to Lodowick Carliell, but we may suppose that he

[1] *Ibid.*, Bundle 438, Nos. 11, 13, and 15; Bundle, 439, No. 3.

[2] *State Papers*, Dom. Car. I, Vol. CCCXLVIII, Feb. 23, 1636–37.

[3] *Ibid.*, Dom. Car. I, Docq. Vol. XVII, Nov. 21, 1637.

enjoyed equal privileges, occupying a house already built, since he had an equal salary, as is shown by the two records following:

A warrant to pay unto the said Humfrey Rogers the fee of 50^{li} per an: the first payment thereof to commence from Ladyday 1636, and to be continued dureing pleasure.

A warrant to pay unto Lodowicke Carlisle Esqr one of the keepers of Richmont parke the like fee of 50^{li} per an: to commence from Lady day, 1636, and to be continued dureing pleasure; subscribed and Procured ut supra. Abra. Williams.[1]

Richmond, together with the palace and park, was granted by James I to Henry, Prince of Wales, and after the death of that prince to his next son, Charles.

The Great Park was made by Charles I, who, being addicted to the chace, was desirous of having an extensive enclosure for red, as well as fallow deer, at this place, where he had large tracts of waste lands and woods belonging to his manor that were well adapted for the purpose . . . . He purchased rights of common to 265 acres belonging to the manor of Petersham, and 483 acres in that of Ham, for £4000. Exclusively of these, the park consists of 650 acres in Mortlake, 230 in Putney, about 100 in Richmond, and as many more in Kensington as make 2253 in the whole. It is enclosed with a brick wall eight miles in circuit.[2]

Richmond has long been famous on account of its historical and literary associations. Anne of Cleves, divorced wife of Henry VIII, lived at Richmond; Cardinal Wolsey slept one night in the lodge at Richmond; Queen Elizabeth died there, and James I was proclaimed king of England; the princes Henry and Charles lived there; Charles II as prince was obliged by Parliament to reside at Richmond; and during the absence of her husband in Scotland in 1630, Queen Henrietta Maria lived at Oatlands, near Richmond; to her Charles I gave Richmond manor with the palace and park as a part of

[1] *Ibid*, Dom. Car. I, Docq. Vol. XVII., Nov. 21, 1637.

[2] F. Shoberl, *The Beauties of England and Wales* (London, 1813), Vol. XIV, p. 200.

her jointure.[1] In the neighborhood are Hampton Court, Kingston, Twickenham, Strawberry Hill, and Kew Gardens; Westminster is about eight miles distant, and Windsor Castle about fifteen.

The years approximately from 1630 to 1640 were the golden period in the life of Lodowick Carliell. We remember that in 1626 he had been married in London to Joan, daughter of William Palmer, Gent., of St. James' Park. He was now living in the lodge in the deer park at Richmond, one of the most beautiful regions in all England. His duties were not arduous (probably the office was a sinecure) and his occupation was congenial, forestry and hunting having been preferred in his family for generations.[2] His own practice in this respect is described thus in the prologue to the second part of *The Passionate Lovers:*

> . . . . . Most here knows
> This author hunts, and hawks, and feeds his Deer,
> Not some, but most fair days throughout the yeer.

He served both the king and the queen, being a favorite of the latter, judging from the tone of his reference to her in his *Heraclius* and from the length of his service,[3] and he was doubtless received at court.

Just at this time Richmond was especially fortunate in connections with the court and, as a result, in incentives to artistic pursuits, both of which facts doubtless affected Carliell. A contemporary record relates:

> He [Col. Hutchinson] therefore went to Richmond [1636–38], where he found a great deal of good young company and many ingenuous persons, that by reason of the Court, where the young Princes were bred, entertained

[1] E. B. Chancellor, *Historical Richmond* (London, 1885), pp. 50, 51, 65, 69, 71.

[2] The song, "Bridekirk's Hunting," although of later composition, well expresses this family liking. See Appendix B.

[3] W. H. Davenport Adams, author of *The White King, or Charles the First* (London, 1889), asserts (p. 90) that Lodowick Carlell (misprinted Carbell) attended upon Queen Henrietta Maria in a confidential capacity.

themselves in that place. . . . . Men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteem and received encouragement from the King [Charles I], who was a most excellent judge and a great lover of painting, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities.[1]

Here Charles formed a large collection of pictures. It is well known that he generously patronized painting, architecture, and music, and that his love of the drama was by no means small. Massinger was much admired by Charles, and Jonson was given every year from the king's own cellars a tierce of Canary wine.[2] The king is said to have furnished Shirley with the plot of *The Gamester*.[3] Carliell, too, must have interested the king, not only as a dramatist, but also personally, on account of the similarity in some respects of their tastes. Carliell, who left to his widow a valuable collection of pictures,[4] was no doubt a lover of painting; and the king was fond of sports and hunting. Rev. John Ward says in his *Diary:*[5]

King Charles [I] is an active young gentleman, as Mr. Stretton relates; hee saw him leap with much activitie, hee by much outleaped the Duke of Buckingham and severall others, as also in shooting he is very dexterous.

Another contemporary, Sir Simonds D'Ewes, relates that he saw Prince Charles post after a stag, and "he was leaping on horseback over a most dangerous hedge and ditch, but that my brother Eliot gave him seasonable warning of it."[6]

[1] *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Written by His Widow Lucy* (London, 1863), pp. 55, 84.

[2] Mrs. Thomson, *The Life and Times of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham* (London, 1860), Vol. III, pp. 180, 185, 254.

[3] Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, noted in his office-book: "On thursday night 6 of Febru. 1633, *The Gamester* was acted at Court, made by Sherley, out of a plot of the King's given him by mee."—Shirley's *Works*, ed. by Dyce (London, 1833), Vol. III, p. 185.

[4] See Joan Carliell's will, Appendix E.

[5] *Diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, extending from 1648 to 1679*, arranged by Charles Severn, M.D. (London, 1839), p. 120.

[6] *Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Bart., during the Reigns of James I and Charles I*, ed. by J. O. Halliwell (London, 1845), Vol. I, p. 255.

Although we can at best only conjecture a friendly relation of some sort between the king and Lodowick Carliell, we know that Lodowick had friends among the followers of the court. He dedicated *The Deserving Favourite* (1629) to "my very noble approved friends, Mr. Thomas Carie, Sonne to the Earle of Monmouth, and Mr. William Murray, both of the Bed Chamber to his Majestie." Mr. Thomas Carey served the king in a peculiarly intimate capacity. During Charles's courtship of Henrietta Maria, after the first *billet-doux*, the next step was the dispatch of a present, which was sent to the princess by one of her suitor's servants. This produced the following acknowledgement:

> . . . . Not being able worthily to commend the presents you have been pleased to send me, nor to thank you for them, I refer myself to Mr. Carey,[1] to express to you the esteem I have for them.[2]

Later Mr. William Murray performed the office of go-between, but in time of war. The queen mentions him several times in her published correspondence[3] as holding a position of trust and intimacy, as, for example, in her letter to the Duke of Hamilton, April, 1643:

> Will Murray came yesterday from Oxford . . . . You will know from Will Murray the King's answer to the propositions which you made me at York.

Successful as a courtier, Carliell was led by the circumstances of the time to become a playwright, a capacity in which he was, as we shall see, equally fortunate. When Shakespeare went to London to seek his fortune, his most promising opportunity was the theater. Much more was it so now in the case of a

[1] That Tom Carey was sent as a messenger to Henrietta Maria with a present is stated in the *Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers Preserved in the Bodleian Library*, ed. by O. Ogle and W. H. Bliss (Oxford, 1872), Vol. I, Appendix, p. 4.

[2] Mary A. E. Green, ed., *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria, Including Her Private Correspondence with Charles the First* (London, 1857), p. 6.

[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 44, 57, 88, 187, 206.

successful minor courtier. Under Elizabeth the drama had been specially favored, but King James also had a great love for stage performances, and it is said he saw five times as many plays in a year as Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to see.[1] Charles I adopted the players of his predecessor, and Queen Henrietta Maria became patroness of the company of players that had nominally served the queen of Bohemia.[2] Under the Stuarts an exclusive connection and control was established between the stage and the royal family, which had a marked effect on dramatic literature.[3] Play-writing was a custom among gentlemen, as the writing of verses had been in the preceding reign. The new courtier was "with study stuft, full of pamphlets and plays."[4] According to Prynne's *Histrio-Mastix*, more than 40,000 playbooks were printed within the two years preceding the composition of that treatise (1632).[5] The glory of Shakespeare's genius was still on the horizon; the memory of Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher was fresh; Massinger, Ford, Webster, Dekker, and Shirley were producing plays of merit. All these influences would operate strongly upon Carliell, living at Richmond within court circles and only about eight miles from London, where he must often have resorted to see plays and to associate with playwrights.

Carliell's first play, *The Deserving Favourite*, was printed in 1629. The fact that it was acted first before the king's

[1] P. Cunningham, ed., *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I* (Shakespeare Society Publications), p. xxxiv.

[2] F. G. Fleay, *A Chronicle History of the London Stage, 1559–1642* (London, 1890), p. 312.

[3] A. W. Ward, *A History of English Dramatic Literature* (London, 1899), Vol. III, p. 232.

[4] Lucy Aikin, *Memoirs of the Court of King James the First* (London, 1824), p. 84.

[5] Ward, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 261, note. The statement evidently means, not 40,000 different plays, but so many printed copies of plays.

majesty, and later publicly at the Blackfriar's Theater by His Majesty's Servants, as well as its merit, leads one to suppose that the author had been engaged some time in dramatic composition and had acquired a fair amount of skill. From the "Dedication" we learn how he began his literary career:

> Approved Friends, this Play, which know at first was not designed to travell so farre as the common Stage, is now prest for a greater journey, almost without my knowledge; and to give some stop to prejudicate opinions, which may haply arise from the Authors knowne want of Learning, I am bold to say yee both approved the Plot and Language; for your abilities to judge, I held them so great, and believe the world did so too, that your approbation to this, hath made me against the opinion even of many friends, continue to wast more paper.

Here is the amateur become professional playwright, seemingly against his will, but no doubt with secret gratification, for such is Carliell's maturity of dramatic power that he could hardly have refrained in such an environment from going on to express himself and from writing the numerous plays that followed.

His plays are as follows: *The Deserving Favourite*, printed 1629 (second edition, 1659); *Arviragus and Philicia*, two parts, 1639 (revived 1672, with a new prologue by Dryden);[1] *The Passionate Lovers*, two parts, 1655; *The Fool would Be a Favourit*, 1657; *Osmond the Great Turk, or The Noble Servant*, 1657; *Heraclius, Emperour of the East* (a translation of Corneille's play of the same name), 1664. *The Spartan Ladies*, a comedy, is not extant. It is only named in Humphrey Moseley's catalogue at the end of Middleton's comedy, *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, 1657,[2] and it is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, September 4, 1646, but it was produced as early as the year 1634, as appears from an entry

[1] Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830* (Bath, 1832), Vol. I, p. 133.

[2] F. G. Fleay, *A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama, 1559–1642* (London, 1891), Vol. I, p. 46.

in Sir H. Mildmay's *Diary*.[1] *Heraclius* was never acted, and it was written late in Carliell's career, about 1664, as we know from the "Author's Advertisement." Since the plays,[2] with the exception of the two last named, were acted by His Majesty's and by the Queen's Servants, and the Closing of the Theaters occurred in 1642, the bulk of them were written between about 1630 and 1640, the golden period, as it has been called, in Lodowick Carliell's life. They express their author's circumstances at this prosperous time, being serious, yet ending happily, having a singular freedom from the vein of the horrible and the gross that was common then, and dealing with brave, joyous themes—love, noble friendship, honor, patriotism, with a trace of humor. Especially noticeable are the several forest scenes, delightfully natural and fresh, and the frequent scenes of royal life, expressing a lofty ideal of courtliness.

Something of the position Carliell occupied in the estimation of those at court and among his fellow playwrights will be seen from the following contemporary records.

Extract from a letter (without date, but probably of 1636) from Charles, Prince Palatine, to the queen of Bohemia:

> The King sate yesterday at Van Dyke's for the Prince of Orange, but your Majesty hath forgate to send me the mesure of the picture; his howse is close by Blake Friers, where the Quene saw Lodwick Carlile's second part of Arviragus and Felicia acted, which is hugely liked of every one, he will not fail to send it to your Majesty.[3]

[1] *The Original Diary of Sr. Humfrey Mildmay of Danbury in the County of Essex, Kt. beginning the 3d July A. D. 1633 & ends 9th May A. D. 1651;* Harleian MSS, No. 454, British Museum.

[2] Winstanley, *Lives of the Most Famous English Poets*, attributes to Carliell, erroneously, a tragedy by Lodge, *Marius and Sylla, the Wounds of Civil War.* *Sir Solomon, or the Cautious Coxcomb*, a comedy acted at the Duke's Theater, 1671, is by Carliell, according to Whincop's "Compleat List of all the English Dramatic Poets," printed in *Scanderbeg*, London, 1747.

[3] *Third Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts* (London, 1872), p. 118.

The "Dedication" of Thomas Dekker's *Match Mee in London* (1631):

To the Noble Lover (and deservedly beloved) of the Muses, Lodowick Carlell, Esquire, Gentleman of the Bowes, and Groome of the King and Queenes Privy-Chamber.—That I am thus bold to sing a Dramatick Note in your Eare, is no wonder, in regard you are a Chorister in the Quire of the Muses. Nor is it any Over-Daring in mee, to put a Play-Booke into your hands, being a Courtier; Roman Poets did so to their Emperours, the Spanish (Now) to their Grandi'es, the Italians to their illustrissimoes, and our owne Nation, to the Great-ones. I have beene a Priest in Apollo's Temple, many yeares, my voyce is decaying with my age, yet yours being cleare and above mine, shall much honour mee, if you but listen to my old Tunes. Are they set ill! Pardon them: Well! Then receive them. Glad will you make mee, if by your Meanes, the King of Spaine, speakes our Language in the Court of England; yet have you wrought as great a wonder, For the Nine sacred Sisters, by you, are (There) become Courtiers, and talke with sweet Tongues, Instructed by your Delian Eloquence. You have a King to your Master, a Queene to your Mistresse, and the Muses your Play fellowes. I to them a Servant; And yet, what Duty soever I owe them, some part will I borrow to waite upon you, And to Rest

Ever So devoted, Tho: Dekker.[1]

With the end of the period 1630–40 we approach the civil wars, when courtiers must expect troubled times, and the Closing of the Theaters. Carliell's dramatic production stopped at this time, with the exception of the fruit of his old age, *Heraclius*, 1664. His fortunes suffered no doubt, as did those of all royalists, but he did not lose his employment, for we have record of his holding an office in 1649. Meanwhile Carliell was secretly aiding his royal master and mistress. He did not join the king's army, as did many of the players and some of the playwrights, notably Davenant, but he gave the king financial aid, as appears from the petition of his niece, Eleanor Carlisle. She says that Lodowick Carliell was an esquire of Queen Henrietta Maria, and in that service acquired £1,500, and that he put it into the Exchequer of England.[2] Now, it is

[1] *Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker* (London, 1873), Vol. IV, p. 133.

[2] See Appendix C.

well known that during the civil wars Charles I was aided by the royalists with funds, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for instance, sending their plate to be melted for the benefit of the king's exchequer.[1] Into the exchequer went Carliell's £1,500, presumably at the time of the civil wars, for only at such a time of great need would the king accept a small sum of money from a subject.

With the year 1649 came the complete ascendancy of the Puritan party. The king's most faithful followers were scattered to the winds. A few years before the queen had fled to Paris, where she was now living upon a pension from France and keeping her exiled court. Her arrival was thus described by a contemporary in no very complimentary way:

> Charles Stuart and his Mother quitted St. Germans on Saturday, having coaches lent them by the Duke of Orleans to bring them for this town, where they are as welcome as snow in harvest. She entered here the same evening, but he loitered by the way at Dompierre, a house of the Duke of Cheureuse, and was to stay there a few days, till his Lodgings might be made ready in the Louvre. But on Tuesday night he came hither, bringing a small Train beside Buckingham, Gerard, and Crofts; for Inchiquin, Wilmot, and the rest came in before with his mother.[2]

Here the queen was visited by the royalist refugees, among others the Marquis of Newcastle, and the poets Cowley, Denham, Waller, and Davenant.[3] But Carliell was one of those poets and royalists that remained in England, and, strange to say, he was in office, as is indicated by the following records:

> *Die Veneris* the 4° of January 1649. (Lord pres[t] Bradshaw: Earle Pembrooke S[r] Hen Vane, etc.) 8 That my Lord Pembrooke bee desired

[1] Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England* (Oxford, 1731), Vol. II, 1, pp. 31, 87, 88.

[2] *Mercurius Politicus*, from Thursday, September 23, to Thursday, September 30, 1652.

[3] Agnes Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England* (Philadelphia, 1892), Vol. V, p. 336, and the respective "Lives" in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

to send to M^r^ Caerlisle, and to deale with him, to put such persons into the employment of keeping S^t^ James Parke as shall be approved of by his Lordship.

Die Lunae the 7^th^ January 1649. *A Meridie.* ~~~ 22 That the business of the complaint made against M^r^ Lodowicke Caerlisle, his Deputy now in S^t^ James Parke bee referred to the determination of the Earle of Pembrooke.[1]

Between the years 1649 and 1660 there is no record of Carliell. A search through the documents of the period[2] fails to bring to light any mention of him at the court of his mistress, Queen Henrietta Maria, in France. His name does not appear in the list of the lords, knights, and gentlemen whose estates were seized by Parliament.[3] But, on the other hand, it is stated by Crisp in his *Richmond and its Inhabitants from the Olden Time*[4] that the House of Commons in the year 1649 turned Richmond Park over to the city of London, and that they added a request or recommendation that the various keepers should be continued in their respective places so long as they were found faithful servants. On the strength of this statement and the mention in 1664 of "the Walke in New parke commonly called Carlisle's,"[5] implying continued

[1] *State Papers*, Dom. Interregnum, Council of State, Vol. V.

[2] *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, ed. by Mary A. E. Green; *Charles I in 1646* (letters of King Charles to Queen Henrietta Maria), ed. by John Bruce; *The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, 1634–1689*, ed. by J. J. Cartwright; *Thurloe's State Papers; The Life and Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter*, by Dorothea Townshend; *The Life of James Duke of Ormond*, by Thomas Carte; *Mercurius Politicus; The True Informer; News Letters; Memoirs of Madame de Motteville; Memoirs of Mlle. de Montpensier, 1627–1686; Letters of Cardinal Mazarin; Collection de Documents inédits sur l'histoire de France, publiés . . . . par les soins du Ministre de l'Instruction publique* (Paris, 1838).

[3] W. D. Fellowes, *Historical Sketches of Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II, and the Principal Personages of That Time* (London, 1828), Appendix; Mabel G. W. Peacock, *An Index of the Names of the Royalists Whose Estates Were Confiscated during the Commonwealth* (London, 1879).

[4] London, 1866; p. 249.

[5] *State Papers*, Dom. Car. II, Vol. XCVI, April 1–17, 1664, No. 102.

association for a long time, and the family tradition that during the Commonwealth Lodowick Carliell "rented" Richmond Park from the city of London, together with the lack of information as to Carliell's absence, it seems probable that he remained quietly at his post undisturbed, enjoying both the keepership of the Deer Park at Richmond and that of St. James' Park, London.

The Restoration brought back honor and prosperity to Lodowick Carliell, the ancient courtier of the house of Stuart. In January, 1660, a pension of £200 per annum was granted to him and his wife, to hold during the term of their natural lives.[1] Under date of September, 1660, there is found recorded

A Graunt of the office of keeping the house or Lodge at Petersham within the Greate Parke neere Richmond with the walke belonging to the said house to Lodowick Carlisle and James Carlisle his sonne—During their good behavior with the Fee of 50li per annum payable out of the Exchequer.[2]

With this fee were allowed "convenient brouse-wood for the deer and firing, the keeping of twenty-four cows and a bull, and ten horses," with other privileges and advantages.[3] It required influence to gain these favors, and we may naturally wonder what persuasion was exerted upon Charles II, a king utterly unlike his father in all that might dispose him toward the old huntsman poet. Carliell's good friend must have been his royal mistress, Henrietta Maria. She is known to have been friendly to her dependants. Says Sir Simonds D'Ewes:

On Thursday the 30th and last day of this instant June [1625], I went to Whitehall purposely to see the Queen. . . . . Besides, her deportment amongst her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion.[4]

[1] *Ibid.*, Dom. Car. II, Docq. Vol. XIX, p. 80. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 49.

[3] *Ibid.*, Dom. Car. II, Vol. XCVI, April 1–17, 1664, No. 102.

[4] *Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Bart., during the Reigns of James I and Charles I*, ed. by J. O. Halliwell (London, 1845), Vol. I, p. 272.

At the Restoration she was zealous in recommending old servants to her son. She writes to him, June 18, 1660:

> My conscience is troubled about writing to you so often, but at this beginning, one must often be troublesome in writing; so many people come to beg me to recommend them to you, whom I cannot refuse, being old servants, and that is the cause of it.[1]

Carliell was an old servant, and he was with his mistress on her return to London at the Restoration, as appears in the "Author's Advertisement" to *Heraclius* (1664):

> Though my humble respects to Her Royal Highness prompted me to undertake a Translation in verse, because she loves plays of that kind, and is as eminent in knowledge as dignity, yet I presume not to beg her protection—only as it took birth at Somerset House[2], I hope she will not despise it from the report of others.

Carliell's dramatic genius flickered up before it died out entirely. This play, written to please his benefactress, was his last. It was not a work of any power, being only a translation of Corneille's play of the same name, and it had the ill luck to be rejected by the players.[3] With *Heraclius* ends Lodowick Carliell's dramatic career, except that in his last days, 1672, *Arviragus and Philicia* was revived with a new prologue by Dryden.[4] His style of playwriting was not acceptable to the brilliant and dissolute court of Charles II, and he was now too

[1] *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, ed. by Mary A. E. Green (London, 1857), p. 399. See instances of the same kind: *ibid.*, pp. 400, 401; and *The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, 1634-1689, Written by Himself*, ed. by J. J. Cartwright (London, 1875), pp. 46, 49.

[2] Somerset House was the residence of the queen-mother at the Restoration. *The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, p. 48.

[3] "Author's Advertisement," *Heraclius*.

The *Heraclius* that Pepys saw, March 8, 1663, and February 4, 1666 (*The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, ed. by H. B. Wheatley, [London, 1893] Vol. IV, p. 68) was not Carliell's.

[4] *Dryden's Works*, ed. by Scott and Saintsbury, Vol. X, p. 405.

old a man to write new plays.[1] His earthly career did not continue long. He withdrew from the court and endeavored to set in order his financial affairs. The keepership of the Lodge at Petersham was sold by 1663.[2] There is a warrant, June 6, 1664, to pay Lodowick Carliell the sum of £150 for three years' arrears of the fee of £50 per annum as keeper of His Majesty's house and walk at Petersham within Richmond Park.[3] In 1671 he disponed New Park to Adam Carlill, a great-nephew. There were later a dispute and legal complications about this disposition, extending through several generations, altogether a curious history; but these details must be omitted, and the transaction is mentioned only in connection with Carliell's fortunes. Since he had two grandsons alive at this time and his brother James had descendants, it seems pretty clear that Adam must have offered money considerations sufficient to tempt Lodowick, and that the latter was pressed for money at the time. It is certain that he was never reimbursed for money placed in the Exchequer during the reign of Charles I, for in 1698, long after his death, his niece Eleanor Carlisle made claim for it in her petition to the king.[4] Nor had his pension been paid, since in his widow's will, dated December 3, 1677, it is stated that there was due her late husband at the time of his death, of the arrears of his pension granted by Charles II, the sum of £1,400, or thereabouts.[5]

[1] John Downes (*Roscius Anglicanus; or, An Historical Review of the Stage from 1660 to 1706*, ed. by J. Knight [London, 1886], p. 31) says that *Two Fools Well Met*, by Lodowick Carlisle, was played after the reopening of the theaters. But this play, the full title of which is *The Fortune Hunters, or, Two Fools Well Met*, published in 1689, was written by James Carlile, who may have been one of Lodowick's grandsons.

[2] *State Papers*, Dom. Car. II, Entry Book, Vol. IX, pp. 326, 327; *ibid.*, Dom. Car. II, Docq., Vol. XXI, No. 223.

[3] *Ibid.*, Dom. Car. II, Docq., Vol. XXI, No. 57.

[4] See "Petition of Eleanor Carlisle," Appendix C.

[5] See "Will of Joan Carlisle," Appendix E.

Lodowick Carliell, whose last place of residence was the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, county of Middlesex, died in the year 1675, and was buried at Petersham, close by the deer park where he had been keeper. The entry in the church register reads:

Lodowicke Carlile gentleman buried 21th August 1675.

His wife also was buried at Petersham, the entry being:

Mrs. Johan Carlisle Widow of St. Martyn's in the fields buried Feb. 27 1678/9. An **Affidavit** [1] of whose being buried in woollen[2] was brought, March y^e^ 3^d^. ~~certificate~~

Here, too, their son James was buried, as is recorded in the church register thus:

M^r^ James Carlisle of Kingstone was buried 25^th^ September 1668.

The village of Petersham is small, a single street on the edge of the park. The church is very old, originally pre-Norman, and, although enlarged and in a measure rebuilt in 1840, is still quaint, with its square box-pews in the gallery and a huge royal coat-of-arms placed by Charles I over the chancel arch. In Stuart times the church was a private chapel, as is indicated by its smallness and the royal arms. There was a church at Petersham at the Conquest. It is first mentioned in *Doomesday Book* under the name of Patricesham, that is, the "ham," or dwelling, of St. Peter.[3] The King's Lodge was torn down some years ago, but the foundations are visible in wet weather, on the outskirts of the park, near a magnificent clump of old

[1] Corrected as indicated.

[2] In the 30th of Charles II a statute was passed, whereby it was enacted that, after August 1, 1678, no corpse should be buried in any shirt, shift, sheet, or shroud, or anything whatsoever made or mingled with flax, hemp, silk, hair, gold, or silver, or in any stuff or thing other than what is made of sheep's wool only, under penalty of £5; and an affidavit was to be made, within eight days after the burial, that the person was buried in woollen, and nothing else. (*Surrey Archæological Collections*, Surrey Archæological Society [London, 1864], Vol. II, p. 95, note.)

[3] *Parish Notes*, St. Peters', Petersham (Richmond, 1886), pp. 8, 10.

cedars, the survivors of a double row between which stood the house. Close by flows the lordly Thames, and all about is a beautiful landscape. Carliell must have been fond of this pretty spot, or he would not have been buried here, when his last residence was near Charing Cross. The neighboring mansion, "Ham House," is owned by the Earl of Dysart, who is descended from the William Murray to whom Carliell dedicated *The Deserving Favourite.* The house occupied by Carliell belonged, before it was destroyed, to the Earl of Dysart's eldest son and was called "Huntingtower."

Concerning Lodowick Carliell's descendants, there is an entry, January 18, 1692, of the payment, formerly made out of the secret service, but now to be paid at the Exchequer, of £80 to Mrs. Carlisle, widow.[1] This was the same Mrs. Carlyle, widow,[2] who made petition about September 26, 1693, in brief, as follows:

> Petition of Ellen Carlyle, widow, to the lords of the treasury, showing that she had a pension of £80 per annum settled on her for a debt of £1,200 and upwards, £100 of which pension was in arrear; further that she lost her two sons in the wars in Ireland. Praying for at least some part of what was due.[3]

She was the daughter-in-law of Lodowick Carliell and the wife of James Carliell. In 1693 she was the survivor of her husband and her two sons, James and Lodowick. The latter figures in the following entry:

> A Post Warrant for Mr. Lodowick Carlile with two servants and four Post horses and a guide from London to Chester and so at his return Whitehall May the 25th, 1689.[4]

According to the record in Somerset House, he was of the parish

[1] *State Papers*, Dom. King William's Chest, Vol. XII, No. 16.

[2] Proved by comparing the amounts in the payment above with her petition and with the will of Lodowick Carliell's widow.

[3] *Calendar Treasury Papers*, 1557–1696, p. 319.

[4] *State Papers*, Dom. William and Mary, Warrant Book, Vol. XXXV, p. 79.

of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and of Ireland, and died abroad intestate, the administration of his estate having been granted to his wife Sara, December 3, 1691. The former, there are good grounds for believing, is the James Carlyle, dramatist, mentioned by Langbaine in *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*. The three children of Penelope, Lodowick Carliell's daughter, and John Fisher of Middle Temple, Gent., cannot be traced. General Thomas Carlyle-Bell, lately deceased, of Dumfries, Scotland, was directly connected in descent with Lodowick Carliell, and his brother, Colonel William Bell, of Stirling, Scotland, is the present representative of this branch of the family.

LIST OF THE PLAYS

Carliell's extant works, which are all plays, eight in number, are the following:

The Deserving Favourite, printed 1629; second edition, 1659.

Arviragus and Philicia, two parts, printed 1639.

The Passionate Lovers, two parts, printed 1655.

The Fool Would be a Favourit; or, The Discreet Lover, printed 1657.

Osmond the Great Turk; or, The Noble Servant, printed 1657.

Heraclius, Emperour of the East (a translation of Corneille's play of the same name), printed 1664.

DISCUSSION OF THE PLAYS

Carliell's plays have a character of their own that makes them of special interest. Tragi-comedies all but one, their general character may be expressed thus, in the words of Fletcher: "A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy."[1] They exhibit, besides, a particular characteristic. Like the tragi-comedies of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists, they represent a serious main action having a happy termination, but unlike them they have as a class little range of characterization or variety of motive. Carliell's principal characters belong to one class of society, the court; they always act through exalted motives of unselfish love, friendship, or duty; their life is narrow, their sentiments idealistic and impracticable. These plays are court plays; plays written under the patronage of the sovereign, first produced before royalty, and limited to the exploitation of a theory of life that can find place only at court, the theory of *noblesse oblige.*

They were popular in their day, and, if accessible, would be read now by the student of literature with enjoyment. Dr. Ward says that he has read some of them with pleasure, and declares that a reprint of Carliell would be welcome.[2] Carliell's personality, too, is likable. His ideals of conduct are those of a man who had a manly, unsophisticated, wholesome nature. Consequently his plays are elevated in tone, clean in language, and unselfish in spirit. And as a playwright Carliell's skill is considerable. His plots are ingeniously woven, unified,

[1] "Address to Reader," prefixed to *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

[2] A. W. Ward, *A History of English Dramatic Literature* (London, 1899), Vol. III, p. 161.

and spirited; they abound in striking situations and hold the attention well. The characters are brave, courteous, magnanimous, and of marked and interesting individuality. Although the dialogue is rather long and high-pitched, it accords with the elevated sentiments expressed, and at times is bright with courtly repartee. Most noticeable in the dialogue is the use of blank verse of such free movement as to give a conversational manner. There are many run-on lines and many loose, irregular lines, which, however they may be criticised according to the canons of versification, are nevertheless to be defended for dramatic use. The language is not heightened, as it was later in the heroic drama, but is natural. The most important characteristic of Carliell's work is its romanticism, which is seen, aside from the general tone, in the blending of the chivalrous romance and the pastoral. His plays read well as narrative and have the heroic manner, while at the same time the dramatic form avoids deadening prolixity. The influence of the pastoral is seen in the woodland atmosphere that glimmers charmingly through several of the plays. In a word, these tragi-comedies of romantic intrigue are worthy to compare, save for mere verse and phrasing, with the best of those by the minor writers of the period.

The Deserving Favourite, the first of the plays and also the best, is of undeniable merit in the construction of plot and the drawing of characters. It is a tragi-comedy of highly romantic cast, upon the theme of love, in which the principal personages indulge the passion in a most magnanimous way, and, after a series of trying adventures, are rewarded with happiness. The action is briefly introduced by a confidential dialogue between brother and sister, from which it appears that Lysander has won the love of Clarinda and yet feels in duty bound to give her up to the duke, who is both rival and benefactor. This self-sacrificing endeavor is complicated by the intriguing of Clarinda and the machinations of the villain, and the action

is rapidly developed to a climax in a duel between Lysander and the duke. Here the subordinate action is very skilfully joined to the main action in such a way as to introduce the heroine and to provide in a consistent and pleasing manner for the union of all the lovers. But all is brought "to the extreamest poynt so to increase the joy." The heroine is Cleonarda, a princess "of that noble spirit that she wants nothing but the person of a man to be one, her heart being equal to the most valiant." Yet her masculine traits do not detract from the beauty of her character. She is brave, frank, great of soul, beautiful, and loving when at last she meets one to whom she can bow her proud spirit. Then she yields to love at first sight, but "her mind is not taken with the glorious title of a king; she aims at that which made kings at first, wisdom and valour." Equally noble and impressive is the hero, the deserving favourite, an example of the highest ideal of chivalric virtues. These two, with Lysander, a model of friendship, who on this account "is not a perfect lover but is a perfect man," and Clarinda, a less unselfish lover and yet a true one, present a conception of courtly behavior that is creditable to the playwright's gentle blood and in keeping with chilvalric ideals. The sylvan environment of Cleonarda, the huntress princess, the duel in the heart of the lonely forest, and the idyllic scene where Clarinda, disguised as a boy, is lost in the woods with the duke, who is in love with her and yet does not recognize his mistress, make a very pretty pastoral setting.

Arviragus and Philicia is a play that, when once the long introduction is passed, holds the reader's interest to the end. The chief pleasure is in the story. Here the influence of the heroic romance is evident. Probably the source of the play was some chivalric tale, for the Epilogue (Part I) reads: "The Author found it so, for having red thus farre *the story*, and a few teares shed with sad Philicia, long'd to know the rest." This supposition is borne out by the extreme length of the play—so

great that it could not be presented at one performance and had to be divided into two parts, and by the fact that the play is written in prose. The plot is one full of war, dissimulation, treachery, constancy, suffering, and adventure; having frequent changes of fortune and much uncertainty of result until all ends happily for the deserving. "Thus at the last, our doubtful story ends, with show of marriage," reads the Epilogue (Part II). The love theme is not more important than that of friendship, the latter being treated by means of a story comparable with the famous story of Damon and Pythias.

The Passionate Lovers, a tragi-comedy in two parts, is the least enjoyable of Carliell's plays. The passionate lovers are paragons of constancy, and their faithfulness is monotonously long drawn out and their suffering depressing. The keynote of the play is struck by the hero, when he says of "love without the possibility of satisfaction," that "the gods sometimes appoint us such sad fates that 'tis our duty to pursue and glory in our misery." The other characters are without distinction, but there is a profligate and witty soldier of fortune who brings some zest into the action. Some of the scenes are strong and fine; notably that in which Clarimant relinquishes the crown to his captured brother and immediately challenges him to combat in order to avenge a wronged mistress; and that in which this mistress, Clarinda, at last yields her hand to Clarimant in order to make happy his death. The play is a triumph of idealization, for it may be said to have succeeded in exhibiting "the truest lovers the sexes did ever boast."

The Fool would be a Favourit; or, The Discreet Lover, like all the plays thus far discussed, deals only with the life of a court and the motives of love and friendship. Two youths of noble birth are extravagantly fond of each other. Says Agenor: "Know, Philanthus, I have found friendship to be the soul and essence of a man." It develops that both are in love with the same woman, and Philanthus proves his friendship,

after various struggles against natural weakness, by obtaining her for his friend, and is thus the discreet lover. The play has its share of exciting or interesting scenes: a combat, a picture of a beautiful woman which turns to real life, a tomb, a ghost, a play within the play, a double wedding, and the usual duel and disguises and surprises. The serious interest is brought into relief and heightened by a parody of the main action, showing a country bumpkin come to court and attempting to become a favorite. His awkwardness and ill-worn pomposity, together with a wit both boorish and at times penetrating, afford a foil to the manners of the great that must have been vastly amusing to the court. As a courtier remarks: "Jewells receive their lustre from a foyl." On account of this minor action, which is unorganized, the play is not so closely connected and unified as is *The Deserving Favourite;* the same high themes are not so well maintained, and the clownish by-play is at times vulgar. But it is notable as the only example in Carliell's work of the comic underplot, a feature doubly interesting when it is remembered that the comic underplot in parody of the characters of the main action is a mark of the Spanish drama of Carliell's period, the so-called "Cloak-and-Sword" drama.[1]

Osmond the Great Turk; or, The Noble Servant, is noteworthy among these plays as the only tragedy. The action is founded upon the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in the year 1453, but the names of Mahomet II and Irene the author has changed to Melcoshus and Despina; the secondary action is taken from the story of Mustapha, the son of Mahomet II.[2] The principal interest of the play is in the character of Osmond, who is grandly unselfish and noble, after the manner of Carliell's heroes. He captures a beautiful

[1] George Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature,* 6th Am. ed., Vol. II, p. 243.

[2] Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets* (Oxford, 1691), p. 47.

maiden, gives her to his master, the Turkish emperor, notwithstanding that he loves her himself, refuses her love when he learns that he is the one she prefers, and when the emperor has killed the maid both loved, Osmond relents on account of his love for his master in his purpose of revenge; finally, when the emperor dies, Osmond kills himself and lies at his feet. He is "the lasting pattern of love and duty." The self-restraint of Osmond is not shared by Orcanes, the emperor's son, who is young, handsome, and a prince. He has won many ladies, and now a love-adventure of his furnishes the play its lively and entertaining incidents, and, as acted, it no doubt afforded much humor in the character of the old and jealous husband. But the end is tragic; the gay prince is punished by his father by being blinded and then strangled to death, and his love stabs both herself and her husband. The climax of the play is a thrilling scene of oriental barbarity. The emperor brings his beautiful captive before the soldiers, and, after silencing their complaints against his inactivity in war by showing her loveliness, kills her by his own hand before them all to show his superiority to his pleasures.

Heraclius, a translation of Corneille's play, was Carliell's last work. Not an ambitious effort—for, as the author says, "Those who translate hope but a laborer's praise"—it is only an attempt to please the taste of the French queen-mother, and to congratulate her son, Charles II, on his attaining the throne. "The subject of it is the restoration of a gallant prince to his just inheritance, many years after the unjust and horrid murder of a saint-like father, and this by the courage and prudence of one who seemed in the vulgar eye to go another way." Both purposes the play appears well fitted to accomplish. It was never played, however, because another translation, made after Carliell's seemed accepted, was preferred at the last moment. Since the translator "nothing changes that does the plot concern," it is unnecessary to discuss the merits of the play, except

to say that the verse is rhymed pentameter, and of a regularity and finish that are surprising when contrasted with Carliell's usually loose meter. It shows that Carliell had skill in versification, as well as dramatic power.

Taken in connection with facts already noted, *Heraclius* reveals to what school of dramatic composition Carliell belonged. The influence of the chivalrous romance, found in *Arviragus and Philicia*, and of the Spanish "Cloak-and-Sword" drama, found in *The Fool would be a Favourit*, is not surprising when we find our author a student of Corneille. Corneille was much under the influence of Lope de Vega and Calderon; his whole work was aimed at creating impressions of the heroic, and it was he who gave rise in England to the heroic drama of the Restoration.[1] Carliell's dramatic activity did not last long enough for him to take part in this development of the English drama, for *Heraclius* is the only one of his plays written about the time of the Restoration, and it was merely a translation. His work belongs to an earlier time, but, like *Heraclius*, all his plays grew out of the soil of Romance literature. This has been remarked of three of the plays. As for the others, *Osmond the Great Turk* shows, according to Dr. A. W. Ward,[2] the tendency of the time to transfer to the drama the nature of the popular French romance. The principles and ideals of true chivalry animating *The Passionate Lovers* leads one to the same conclusion in regard to this play. And *The Deserving Favourite* is plainly founded, as may be seen in the following chapter, upon a Spanish romantic novel. All Carliell's plays show the working of the influence of Romance literature, which through French channels remodeled the English drama in the reign of Charles II. In the heroic plays of the Restoration are to be found many characteristics that have been pointed out in this

[1] Henry Morley, *A First Sketch of English Literature* (London, 1889), p. 634.

[2] *History of English Dramatic Literature*, Vol. III, p. 169.

study of Carliell's dramatic style; such as, for example, the predominance of love and honor as theme, combined usually with friendship and often involving rivalry and self-sacrifice, the exercise of phenomenal constancy as a matter of course, the frequent occurrence of love at first sight, the prevailing seriousness, lofty tone, and grandiloquence of dialogue, the customary happy termination, the lack of humor, and the drawing of characters exclusively from the nobility.[1] Carliell's court plays are an interesting step in the development of the drama in England. Their study helps make clear the view held by Mr. J. A. Symonds, who says in a review of the plays of a contemporary of Carliell:

> The affinity between the comedies which were produced immediately before the closing of the theatres under the Commonwealth and the subsequent taste of the nation, involves a question of some interest, which can here be only indicated. Are there not signs in the work of our last playwrights of the Elizabethan succession to make it probable that the drama of the Restoration would in the natural course of evolution have been produced out of the elements already developed on the stage, even without the intervention of French models and supposing that the Puritans had never got the upper hand?[2]

[1] L. C. Chase, *The English Heroic Play* (New York, 1903).

[2] "The Works of Richard Brome," *Academy*, March 21, 1874.

"THE DESERVING FAVOURITE"

THE SOURCE

Lodowick Carliell's dramatic inspiration has been referred to in a general way in the Introduction, where attention was called to traces in his work of the romance, the pastoral, the "Cloak-and-Sword" drama, and finally of Corneille. An inquiry will now be made as to the source of a single one of his plays, *The Deserving Favourite.* Langbaine, who pointed out the sources of several of Carliell's plays,[1] did not touch this one, nor has its source since been found.

La duquesa de Mantua, by Don Alonzo del Castillo Solorzano, bears so strong a resemblance in important features to *The Deserving Favourite* that it calls for investigation. Solorzano, a Spanish author who was born about 1590 and flourished between the years 1624 and 1649, left a great number of works in prose and verse—histories, novels, comedies, and lyrics. His novels, especially, were remarkable.[2] The picaresque novel, *The Seville Weasel; or, A Hook to Catch Purses*, although never finished, was the most popular of his works. It was translated into French and gained a reputation in Europe generally.[3] His *Quinta de Laura*, a collection of stories, was printed three times, and his *Alivios de Cassandra*, another work of the same kind, was translated into French and printed twice.[4]

[1] *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets* (London, 1691), p. 45.

[2] *La Grande Encyclopédie.*

[3] Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature* (Boston, sixth American edition), Vol. III, p. 127.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 167. For further information about Castillo Solorzano see the following works: *Catalogo bibliografico y biografico del Teatro Antiguo Español*, by D. Cayetano Alberto de la Barrera y Leirado; *Ensayo de una Biblioteca Española de Libros raros y curiosos*, by Gallardo; *Catalogo de la Biblioteca de Salva*, by D. Pedro Salva y Mallen; *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, Vols. XXXIII, XLV; Antonio, *Biblioteca nova*, Vol. I; *Catalogo de la Biblioteca del*

La duquesa de Mantua[1] is one of Solorzano's early works and appeared in a volume of novels called *La Huerta de Valencia*, which was published in 1629. The story in brief is as follows:

1. Camilla, the only daughter of Frederick, Duke of Mantua, is a young and beautiful lady, extolled for her grace and accomplishments, chief of which are riding and hunting. She so delights in the chase that she forgets there is such a thing in the world as love. Her friend and fellow-huntress is Clenarda.

2. One day, while hunting a wild boar in the forest, Camilla becomes separated from her companions. Hearing a rustling in the bushes, she throws her spear at a glimpse of something, and presently sees with surprise a young man emerge from the bushes, his left arm pierced by her spear. Each looks at the other in wonderment and admiration, and after Camilla has cared for his wound, the two go on together. On their way they meet the hunting party pursuing another wild boar. Camilla wounds the boar, which attacks her and is about to kill her, when she is rescued by her companion.

3. All return to court, where Camilla has the youth well taken care of. He learns her high rank with disappointment to his hopes of love, but he tells her his story: that his name is Fabio, and that he has been brought up by humble people in a manner so far beyond their means that he thinks there is a secret connected with his birth. Then he relates how he fell in love with a lady named Libia, who favored him, but was dissuaded by her aunt. Libia's other lover sent word to him, appointing a meeting in the forest with Libia, and treacherously attacked him; but he drove off his assailants, not, however,

Senado, Autores, Vol. I; Schäfer, *Geschichte des spanischen Nationaldramas;* Brockhaus, *Conversations-Lexikon;* Larousse, *Nouveau illustré Dictionnaire universel encyclopédique.*

[1] *La duquesa de Mantua* is to be found also in *Coleccion de Novelas escogidas* (Madrid, 1785–94), and in abridged translation in Thomas Roscoe's *The Spanish Novelists.*

without being wounded. And it was as he lay in the bushes that he was seen by Camilla and pierced in the arm by her spear.

4. Fabio remains at the court of the duchess, who has fallen in love with him. There are courtly diversions, in all of which Fabio proves himself an accomplished and charming courtier. But Fabio does not hope to win Camilla, on account of her high position and his unknown birth.

5. In despair, Fabio leaves the court and enlists in a war between the king of Naples and the Sicilians. The duchess retires to a villa near Mantua, where an attempt to abduct her is made by one of her suitors, the rich and powerful Duke of Modena. But Fabio, who has been loitering about the place where his beloved is, arrives just in time to rescue her. Fabio leaves quickly, before the duchess has a chance to thank him.

6. The Duke of Modena refuses to return some troops the duchess demands, and war breaks out between them. Of course, Fabio takes the side of the duchess. Her side prevails, and Fabio personally takes captive the duke and brings him in triumph before the duchess. Having learned in the meantime that Fabio is of noble birth, she sees no obstacle to marrying him.

7. Then she sends for Fabio's father, the Duke of Ferrara, and his sister, who is Libia, with whom Fabio was formerly in love. Now, when Fabio is called before the duchess to be rewarded, she offers him the hand of Libia, his former love, who, the duchess says, is of noble birth. But Fabio declines, and the duchess, divining the reason, that he loves her, presents him with her own hand, tells him that he is of noble birth, and introduces him to his father and his sister. The Duke of Modena gets for wife Libia, now called by her true name, Lisaura; there is a double wedding, and all ends happily.

8. Within the story is a story related by a countryman concerning the mystery of Fabio's birth. It is as follows: The Duke of Ferrara has lost his son and heir. Being without a

legitimate heir, he determines to take as his heir a natural son, who is being brought up by some country people as their own son, but with the advantages of education that a young prince should have. This is Fabio. When the Duke of Ferrara acquaints his cousin with his scheme, the latter, who would succeed to the fortune but for this natural son, lays a plot to surprise and murder Fabio. But Fabio is warned and escapes. He is found by the duchess in the manner already described.

The subordinate action of *The Deserving Favourite* may be condensed as follows:

1. Lysander and the duke, both gentlemen of the court and rivals for the love of Clarinda, have fought a duel in the forest, and both have been wounded. They are lying upon the ground when Cleonarda, the king's sister, enters with Mariana, her lady-in-waiting, who is Lysander's sister. Mariana sees her brother and runs to his side. He revives, but the duke is apparently dead. Cleonarda has a struggle between the desire for revenge, for the duke is her kinsman, and love, for she has fallen in love at first sight with the wounded Lysander. Love conquers, and Cleonarda has Lysander carried to the lodge, where he is well taken care of. Meanwhile, the duke's body disappears, no one knows where.

2. Cleonarda, although a princess, lives most of the time at the lodge in the forest and delights in hunting, in which she has shown great courage, on one occasion rescuing the hounds from the fury of a stag at bay, and at another time killing unaided a fierce wolf. She will not have a gamekeeper in her sport, but finds and kills her game for herself. And in her views about marriage she is equally independent. She will allow the king to select a husband for her, she says, but if she does not think him worthy of her, she will break the royal custom of marrying for the good of the state. She has not seen thus far a suitor of a nature so great as her own, and has never loved until she meets Lysander.

3. Cleonarda visits Lysander at the lodge, dresses his wounds, and falls more and more in love with him. He falls in love with her, but protests his fidelity to Clarinda. Cleonarda, a great-souled woman, would not have Lysander faithless, even to be loved herself, and, seeking Clarinda at court, tells her that Lysander is alive and where to find him.

4. In order to go to her lover, Clarinda avails herself of the assistance of Jacomo, but Jacomo betrays her secret to the king, who has Lysander captured, charged with the murder of the duke. Despite the protests of Cleonarda, the captive is condemned to death. On the day of execution, just as the headsman is about to strike, a spectator interferes, who proves himself to be the duke, who was only wounded in the duel and has been living meanwhile in disguise with a hermit. Lysander is now free, and is about to be married to Clarinda, when the hermit interferes and, removing his disguise, proves to be a political exile and the supposed father of Lysander. But he is not, for he tells a wonderful tale to the effect that Lysander and Clarinda are brother and sister.

5. Lysander and Cleonarda are united, and the duke and Clarinda. The villain, Jacomo, is punished for wronging Clarinda. He also is in disguise and turns out to be Lysander's uncle, who has been trying to destroy Lysander. He knew the secret of Lysander's birth and wished to remove him in order that he himself might succeed to his brother's estate.

Let us now compare the two stories in outline.

La duquesa de Mantua	*The Deserving Favourite*
1. Camilla is young, beautiful, exceptionally well-skilled in riding and hunting, and averse to love. Her attendant is Clenarda.	2. Cleonarda lives in the forest, delights in hunting and has great prowess therein. She is young and beautiful and proud-spirited, is determined not to marry for state policy, and has never seen a man who could subdue her heart.

2. Camilla wounds a young man in the forest, mistaking him for game. They fall in love with each other. Camilla binds up his wounds.

3. Camilla has Fabio taken care of at court. Each loves the other, but there are obstacles to their union, one of which is that Fabio has already a mistress.

4. Fabio takes part in the diversions of the court and proves himself an accomplished and charming courtier.

5 and 6. Fabio saves Camilla from abduction by the Duke of Modena and from defeat by the duke's army.

7. Camilla, who has learned the secret of Fabio's birth, discloses it, to the effect that Fabio and his mistress are brother and sister. Consequently Fabio and Camilla marry; also the Duke of Modena and Fabio's sister.

8. The Duke of Ferrara, being without a legitimate heir, determines to take as heir Fabio, a natural son, who is ignorant of his identity and is being brought up by others. The duke imprudently tells his plan to his cousin, who would be next of kin but for the natural son, and the cousin tries to murder Fabio.

3. Fabio and his sister love each other before their true relation is known.

1. Cleonarda finds Lysander wounded in the forest, falls in love with him, and has him carried to her lodge.

3. Cleonarda visits Lysander at the lodge and nurses him. They love each other, but Lysander cannot be faithless to his mistress, Clarinda.

Lysander is a perfect knight, praised by all the court.

4. Lysander, captured and condemned to death for the supposed murder of the duke, is proved to be guiltless, and also to be the brother of his mistress, Clarinda.

5. There is a double wedding—Lysander and Cleonarda, the duke and Clarinda.

5. (*continued*). As Orsinio is without an heir, his wife obtains by trickery a newborn male babe and palms it off on her husband as their own son. This is Lysander, who does not know his real parents and is brought up by his self-constituted parents. Jacomo would inherit his brother Orsinio's estate but for this false heir, and tries to have Lysander killed.

Lysander and Clarinda, his sister, are deeply in love with each other before their true relation is known.

It appears there is a strong likeness between the two stories. In the first place, the duchess and Cleonarda are exactly similar in character. Then the events of the two stories are remarkably like, even to the explanatory story by which the villain's conduct is motived. Everything agrees, except the Duke of Modena action (paragraphs 5 and 6), which is not in *The Deserving Favourite*, because there it is not Cleonarda who has two lovers, but Clarinda. The dramatist has evidently omitted some portions of the story for which he had no use. Furthermore, the fundamental relationship is the same, that in each case the hero is unwittingly in love with his own sister, and is at the same time beloved by a princess. Finally, there is the striking similarity of names, Clenarda and Cleonarda. It is unreasonable to think that a name practically identical with one in a Spanish story should be chosen by Carliell for his play, unless he knew the story, especially since the character to whom he gives the name is the counterpart of the heroine of that story.

This similarity of novel and play may indicate a relationship of parallelism. There may be still another story, perhaps Italian or French, from which both the author of *La duquesa de Mantua* and Carliell drew. But, in all probability, Carliell did not use any other than a Spanish story, in evidence of which is a document that has been quoted for another purpose, viz., the dedication to Lodowick Carliell of Thomas Dekker's *Match Mee in London*. Here occur the following words:

> Glad will you make mee, if by your Meanes, the King of Spaine speakes our Language in the Court of England; yet you have wrought as great a wonder, For the Nine sacred Sisters, by you are there become Courtiers, and talke with sweet Tongues, Instructed by your Delian Eloquence.

There must have been some reason for thus connecting the name of Carliell with the Spanish language. These particular lines, like the whole dedication, have no literal meaning. No king of Spain visited the court of England at the time of the publication of Dekker's play, 1631, or earlier, when it was being

composed. Dekker spoke figuratively. Probably he meant that Spanish literary genius was speaking the English language at the court of England through Carliell's court dramas drawn from Spanish originals.[1] Carliell must have been able to read Spanish. He certainly did read French, as is shown by his translation of Corneille's *Heraclius*. The use of foreign languages was a most desirable accomplishment for a courtier, such as Carliell was all his life, and almost a necessity for a dramatist at a time when the plots of a large part of the English plays were borrowed from continental literature. There is reason to believe that Carliell, like his contemporaries, consulted French and Spanish literature, especially the latter. From the comparison of the particular Spanish story under examination with *The Deserving Favourite*, it must appear that there is no reasonable doubt that Carliell used as source for this play *La duquesa de Mantua*, by Don Alonzo del Castillo Solorzano.

La duquesa de Mantua is contained in a collection of stories called *La Huerta de Valencia*. The only copy in existence, so far as can be learned, of the first edition of *La Huerta de Valencia* is in the National Library at Madrid.[2] The title-page reads as follows:

Hverta de | Valencia, | Prosas, y versos | en las Academias della. | Al Excelentissimo | Señor don Pedro Faxardo, mi señor, Marques de los | Velez, y Martorel, Adelantando mayor del Reyno | de Murcia; Virrey, y Capitan General | del Reyno de Valencia. | Por don Alonso de Castillo Solorzano, | Maestresala de su casa. | [Coats-of-arms][3] con Licencia, | En Valencia, por Miguel Sorolla, menor, y | quinto deste nombre, Año 1629, | y a su costa.

[1] The use of "master" for "sweetheart" (ll. 1562, 2282, and Epilogue), changed in the second edition to "mistress", is similar to the Spanish use of "dueño."

[2] It was formerly owned by Pascual de Gayangos, whose books became at his death a part of the National Library of Spain.

[3] Two Valencian coats-of-arms: Left, crown surmounting a square resting on point; right, bird astride a shield.

On the next pages are the following notices:

Aprovacion. | Por mandado, y comission del muy Illustre | Señor Doctor Pedro Garcès, Abad de Rues- | ta, Oficial, y Vicario General del Illustrissimo, y | Reuerẽdissimo Señor don Fray Isidoro Aliaga, | Arçobispo de Valencia, y del Consejo de su Ma- | gestad, he leydo con atencion este libro intitula- | do, *Huerta de Valencia*, por don Alonso de Cas- | tillo Solorçano: etc. . . . . Assi lo siento, en Predicadores de Valencia a | 20. de Enero 1629. | El Maestro Fray Vicente | Gomez.

Licencia. . . . . Dada en Valẽcia, a xxviij. dias de Enero del | año M. D. C. X X VIII. [sic] | Doctor Garcès, Vic. Gñ. | De mandado del Señor Vic. Gn. | Matheo Calafat Notario.

Licencia. . . . . Dada en Va | lencia a 30. de Enero. 1629. años. | Guillen Ramon de Mora, | Auogado Fiscal de su | Magestad.

It will be noticed that the dates given for the publication of *La Huerta de Valencia* are of 1629, except one, which is 1628. *The Deserving Favourite* was published in 1629. It was not entered in the Stationers' Register, but from the title-page we learn that in 1629 it had been "lately acted." When it was first acted we do not know, and when it was composed there are no means of discovering. Although the coincidence of dates has its difficulties, yet it is quite possible that there was time enough between the date of publication of *La Huerta de Valencia* and the composition of *The Deserving Favourite* for Carliell to have read in the former the story of *La duquesa de Mantua* and to have used it in composing his play. According to the system of chronology used in Spain at this time, the year began with January 1.[1] In England the year began with March 25.[2]

[1] The era of Spain was reckoned from the conquest of Spain by the Emperor Augustus, in the year 715 of Rome, the thirty-ninth year before the Christian era. In the year 1358 A. D. the era of Spain was abolished in Valencia for the reckoning of dates and the year of the incarnation was adopted. Both systems were based on the Julian calendar, according to which the year began with January 1.—De Mas Latrie, *Trésor de chronologie d'histoire et de géographie* (Paris, 1889), p. 42.

[2] It was not until 1751 that the Calendar Amendment Act was passed in England, by which the beginning of the year was transferred from March 25 to January 1.

Consequently *The Deserving Favourite*, published in 1629, appeared some time between March 25, 1629, and a date twelve months thereafter. January 30, 1629, permission was finally granted for the publication of *La Huerta de Valencia*,[1] and supposing that it appeared within a month from this date, there was between its publication and the publication of *The Deserving Favourite* at the least one month and at the most thirteen months. Although one month can hardly be held sufficient time for Carliell to write and publish his play, yet nothing obliges us to assume so short a time. We have just as much right to assume thirteen months, which is presumably time enough. Whatever the interim between the dates of publication of these two works, it is safe to say it was sufficient for Carliell to make use of Solorzano's work.

The Spanish influence seen in *The Deserving Favourite* is present in all of Carliell's plays. They resemble the "Cloak-and-Sword" dramas of Lope de Vega, in which the leading personages belong to the genteel portion of society, the moving principle is gallantry, and the story is involved and full of intrigue, and almost always accompanied by an underplot and parody of the principal characters. Lope made all interests subordinate to the interest of the plot, the explanation of which was kept doubtful until the very last scene. Carliell's plays resemble also the plays of Calderon, of whom it is said that all of his plots are marked by great ingenuity; extraordinary adventures and unexpected turns of fortune, disguises, duels, and mistakes of all kinds keep up an eager interest in the story; his world is an ideal world of beauty, heroism, love and honor.[2]

All these characteristics Carliell's plays were, in the Introduction, shown to possess. They have also the pastoral element,

[1] The date January 28, 1628, was probably entered by mistake, or by some one who counted the year as not beginning until March 25.

[2] Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature* (Sixth American Edition), Vol. II, chap. xxvi and p. 441.

which was conspicuous in Spanish literature, notably Montemayor's *Diana.*[1] Hunting scenes or forest scenes are frequent in Carliell, due in part probably to Spanish influence, and in part no doubt to Carliell's own experience as a forester. They occur in *The Deserving Favourite*, *Arviragus and Philicia*, *The Passionate Lovers*, and *The Fool Would be a Favourit.* And Diana-like characters are favorites with Carliell, as, for example, Cleonarda in *The Deserving Favourite*, Lucinda in *The Fool Would be a Favourit*, and Cartandes in *Arviragus and Philicia.* It is possible, too, that Carliell's peculiarly long, loose line may be due to Spanish influence. Calderon used long lines joined by assonance instead of rhyme, and although Carliell may have followed Fletcher in his free style of versification, yet, considering the unmistakable presence of Spanish influence in Carliell's plays, it seems probable that his poetical style was influenced by Calderon.

In short, *The Deserving Favourite* in particular, and all of Carliell's plays in general, are examples of the influence of Spanish literature upon the English drama in the early seventeenth century—an influence which, authorities agree, must have been considerable. Dr. Ward says that Spanish literature was much resorted to in the first half of the seventeenth century by the English dramatists for plots, incidents, and situations.[2] According to Sismondi, the Spaniards were regarded in the seventeenth century as the dictators of the drama, and men of the first genius in other countries borrowed from them without scruple.[3] L. Bahlsen, a recent investigator, declares: "Der spanische Einfluss auf England im Zeitalter der Elisabet und Jacobs I war sehr gross."[4] It is said by Archbishop

[1] Montemayor's *Diana* was first printed at Valencia in 1542.

[2] A. W. Ward, *A History of English Dramatic Literature*, Vol. III, p. 267.

[3] J. C. L. Sismondi, *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe*, (London 1853), Vol. II, p. 418.

[4] "Spanische Quellen der dramatischen Litteratur, besonders Englands zu Shakespeare's Zeit," *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte, Neue Folge*, Vol. VI, p. 152.

Trench that a considerable number of English dramatic compositions of the period just before the civil wars are founded on Spanish novels and romances, and during the latter part of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century the Spanish language was very widely known in England.[1] In Dryden's preface to *An Evening's Love*, Beaumont and Fletcher are said to have had most of their plots from Spanish novels, and in Farquhar's *The Twin Rivals*, even so late as 1702, a poet in want of a plot is recommended to read the Italian as well as the Spanish plays.

[1] R. C. Trench, *An Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon* (London, 1880), pp. 105, 136.

Other references on this subject are the following: G. H. Lewes, *The Spanish Drama;* Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature;* Dunlop, *History of Prose Fiction;* J. G. Underhill, "Spanish Influence in the England of the Tudors," *Columbia University Studies;* M. Koch, "Shakespeare and Lope de Vega," *Englische Studien*, Vol. XX (1896); A. L. Stiefel, "Die Nachahmung spanischer Komödien in England unter den ersten Stuarts," *Romanische Forschungen*, Vol. V; F. Landmann, *Shakespeare and Euphuism;* Louis P. Betz, "Essai de bibliographie des questions de littérature comparée," *Revue de Philologie*, Vols. X–XII.

EDITIONS

There are two editions of *The Deserving Favourite*, those of 1629 and 1659. The text presented herewith is that of 1629, which has been collated with the second edition. The title-pages and *dramatis personae* of both editions are reprinted. The original spelling and punctuation have been preserved, and the original pagination is indicated. Typographical errors have been corrected, as indicated.

TEXT

The Deseruing
F A U O R I T E.

As it was lately Acted, first before the
Kings Maiestie, and since publikely at the

BLACK-FRIERS.

By his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by L O D O VV I C K E C A R L E L L, *Esquire,*
Gentle-man of the Bovves, and Groome of the King
and Queenes Priuie Chamber.

(Wood-Cut, Dragon's Head.)

AT LONDON,
Printed for MATHEVV RHODES.
1629.

[Title-page of the second edition]

THE

DESERVING

FAVORITE.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was presented before the K i n g and Q u e e n e s Majesties at *White-Hall*, and very often at the Private house in *Black-Friers*, with great Applause.

By his late M a i e s t i e s *Servants.*

Written by

LODOWICK CARLELL, Esq:

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Mosley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the *Prince's Armes* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1659.

[The first edition, collated with the second]

TO

MY VERY NOBLE AND

approued Friends, Mr. THOMAS

CARIE, Sonne to the Earle of *Monmouth*,

and Mr. William Mvrrey, both of

the Bed Chamber to his Maiestie.

Approued Friends, this Play, which know at first was not design'd to trauell so farre as the common Stage, is now prest for a greater iourney, almost without my knowledge; and to giue some stop to preiudicate opinions, which may happily[1] arise from the Authors knowne want of Learning, I am bold to say you[2] both approued the Plot and Language; for your abilities to iudge, I held them so great, and belieue the world did so to,[3] that your approbation to this, hath made me against the opinion euen of many friends, continue to wast more paper. If yee then flatter'd, or were loth to discourage mee in this way, which few delight to practice, though most to see and censure, yee are iustly punisht now when ye expect it not, in being chosen Patrons of what's presented to you thus plainly by your Seruant,

LOD: CARLELL.

[1] haply. [2] yee. [3] too.

The Printers Epigrammaticall Epistle
to the *vnderstanding Reader*.

Vnknowne to th' Author this faire Courtly Piece
Was drawne to th' *Presse*; not for a Golden Fleece,
As doe our *Midan* Mimickes of these Times,
Who hunt out Gaine, with *Reasons* losse in *Rhimes*,
Heaping together such indigested Stuffe,
Can scarce out-beare true Iudgements Counter-buffe:
He with a new, choyce, and familiar Straine
Strikes full Conceit deepe in the Master-Veyne,
Stoopes not for drosse; his *profit* was his *pleasure*,
Has (for his Friends) ransackt the *Muses* Treasure,
Brought thence such lustrous[1] sparkling *Iewels* forth,
As well improue his Scoenes of reall Worth;
Prompt Wit, ripe Art, with Iudgement fell at strife
How best t' expresse true Nature to the Life:
Yet fild with pleasing Language and so filde,
As best beseemes *Minerva's* high-bred Child:
Accept these Straines, as here you find 'em drest
By mee the Printer; All stand ready prest
At your sole Seruice, rightly vnderstand 'em,
And if more such I meet with; still command 'em.

Yours'[2] *obsequious, in what's*
good and vertuous.

I. R.

[1] lustrious. [2] *Your.*

THE PROLOGVE,

as it was spoken before the

KING.

Doe not expect strong Lines, nor Mirth, though they
Iustly the Towne-wits, and the Vulgar sway:
What hope haue we then that our Play can please
This more Iudicious Presence, wanting these?
We haue a hope (the Author sayes) this Night
Loue in our weaknesse shall expresse his might.
He in each Noble brest himselfe will place;
The Subiect being all Loue then, must finde grace:
Yes you may say, if it bee well exprest,
Else loue doth censure him from out our brest:
Thus what he hop'd should helpe him, if he erre
In the expression, turnes his Censurer.
I for the Author stand, and in his Name
Doe here renounce the glory or the shame
Of this Nights worke: Great Loue, this Play is thine,
Worke Miracles, and shew thy selfe Diuine;
Change these rude lines into a sweet smooth Straine,
Which were the weake effects of a dull Braine:
If in this Prologue Contradictions moue,
That best expresses: it was writ by Loue.

[EDITION 1629]

THE NAMES[1] OF THE ACTORS

Mr. *Benfield, the King.*
Mr. *Taylor, the Duke.*
Mr. *Lewin, Iacomo.*
Mr. *Sharpe, Lysander.*
Mr. *Swanstone, the Count Vtrante.*
Mr. *Robinson, Count Orsinio, and Hermite.*
Mr. *Smith, Gerard.*
Women.
Iohn Honiman, Clarinda.
Iohn Tomson, Cleonarda.
Edward Horton, Mariana.
Iaspero, Bernardo, Seruants, Huntsmen, etc.

[EDITION 1659]

DRAMMATIS PERSONAE

King.
Duke, The Favourite.
Count Utrante, Father to *Clarinda.*
Count Orsinio, The Hermite.
Jacomo, A disguised villain, brother to *Orsinio.*
Lysander, In love with *Clarinda.*
Gerard, The Keeper.
Jasper, *Bernardo,* *Francisco,* } *Servants.*
Executioner.
Attendants.

Cleonarda, Sister to the King.
Clarinda, Daughter to *Utrante.*
Mariana, Sister to *Lysander.*

[1] It was not the custom before the civil wars to print the actors' names opposite their parts, but there were a few exceptions, among which was *The Deserving Favourite.* ("The Second Generation of English Professional Actors, 1625–1670," in *Social England Illustrated* [Constable & Co.], p. 422.) These were the leading actors of the time. See their names in the patent granted by Charles I to "his well beloved subjects", on his coming to the throne; among the names of the actors in Shakespeare's plays, entered on p. 1 of the First Folio; and in the dedication of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, First Folio. See their biographies in Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in Shakespeare's Play* ("Shakespeare Society Publications," Vol. XI).

THE FAVORITE.

Actus primus, Scoena prima.

Enter Mariana and Lysander.

Mariana.

Come, prethee tell me brother, why ar't sad.

Lys. From thee my dearest Sister
I haue not hid my neerest touching secrets:
Thou know'st how truly I did loue,
And how at last I gain'd my deare *Clarinda.*

Mari. I doe; and wish that I could tell you such a secret of mine owne; for of all men liuing, I thinke you most happy.

Lys. Most miserable of men.

Mari. How can that be! is not *Clarinda* yours?
In which (were I a man) I should beleeue
More happinesse consisted, then for to be a Monarch.

Lys. *Clarinda* yet is mine.

Mari. Nothing can take her from you but the graue,
I hope she is not sicke.

Lys. Nothing can take her from me deare *Mariana,*
But I must giue her.

Mari. Why, loue you any one so wel to giue away your heart?
I know shee's dearer to you.

Lys. She's so much deerer to me then my heart,
That I must kill my heart if I doe giue her.

Mari. Be plaine sweet brother.

Lys. The Duke who is too neere a kin in loue
And bloud to our dread Soueraigne to be deny'd,
Dyes for *Clarinda.*

Mari. Why, thinke you shee'l proue false?

Lys. Shee false! Oh no:
It is I must play the traytor to myselfe.
Vertue doth vndermine my happinesse,
And blowes it vp. I must release my interest
In *Clarinda,* that she may marry this loue-sicke Duke,
And saue his Life.

Mari. Why who compels it?

Lys. Gratitude compels it;

For to the Duke I owe my life and fortunes,
My fortunes when my wicked Vncle would haue
Wrested from me by false witnesse that state
Which I am now possest of; which the Duke finding,
He imploy'd his power, and so I had my right:
My life I then receiued: when I was rescued
By his valour from the dreadfull bore,
Which I (too young) thrust on by honor, venterd to assayle,
Yet all these obligations touch me not so neere,
As doth the danger of the Count *Utrante*,
(*Clarinda's* Father) who hath beene long a prisoner,
For the same cause for which my Father fled.
Mari. He is now at liberty.
Lys. It is true he hath his liberty, and greater honors
Are propos'd if he can win his Daughter
To marry with the Duke, then he hath lost:
But on the other side, if she denye,
And it doth wholly lie in me to make her grant,
Her Fathers head is in danger, the King
So passionately doth loue the Duke.
Mari. How came you by this miserable knowledge?
Lys. Sister, you know I often visited
The Count *Utrante* in the prison, besides
The wish'd occasions which I euer tooke
To waite vpon his Daughter thither;
This he so gratefully accepted,
That now that he hath liberty,
He still sends for me, where I chanc'd to be last night,
And as a friend heard when he did propound it to *Clarinda*.
Mari. Then he doth no way suspect there's loue betwixt you;
But tell me Brother how poore *Clarinda*
Did receiue her Fathers deadly proposition.
Lys. Her Father not belieuing that she would deny
So great a blessing, came with ioy to tell her,
That which once told, forc'd teares from her faire eyes,
At which, he being amazed, desired to know
The cause, why she receiu'd his and her happinesse
With so much sorrow: she answer'd him with broken sighes,
Offering to teare her haire; which when I would not
Giue her leaue to doe, she curst her beauty,

As the cause of all this mischiefe: at last
Considering who it was that spoke,
A Father, that deseru'd an answere:
Her iudgement shut her passions in a lesse roome;
For hauing calm'd the tempest of her greefes,
She mildly answer'd that she was happy
In his liberty, though now she saw
It was but giuen him to procure her bondage;
For such she did account all ties of marriage
Made by the parents without the childs consent,
Though nere so rich or honourable.
Mari. And hauing said so, did she not cast her watry eyes
Vpon you? and in this sad, yet pleasing language,

Tell you, that she would not forsake you for the Duke?
Lys. It is true, shee did so; there is no tongue
That can expresse the hearts of those that loue
Like their owne eyes: but Sister, it will be late
Before you reach the Forrest, the Princesse too
May wonder at your stay.
Mari. Brother it's true; but I so seldome see you,
That I'le not goe, vnlesse you promise to come and see me.
Lys. You know the strict command,
That none but those appointed should come neere the Lodge.
Mari. That is but your excuse;
I haue told you how often the Princesse
Earnestly hath desir'd to see you; yet you would neuer goe.
Lys. Sister, I feare these sad occasions will hinder me;
But I will write.
Mari. Will you not come sixe miles to see a Sister
That so dearely loues you?
Lys. Sister, I know you[1] loue, nor will I be a debter;
You are both my Friend and Sister. *Exeunt.*
Flourish, Enter King, Utrante, and Attendants.
King. My Lord *Vtrante*, can you not then
Perswade your Daughter to receiue a Blessing,
Which euen the greatest Ladies in this Kingdome
Would desire on their knees:
Enter Duke and Followers.

[1] your.

Is this a Man to be neglected? Though he were not
A Kinsman to your King? besides, my Lord,
Remember you may draw vpon your selfe
Our high displeasure by her refusall.
Duke. Great Sir, let not your loue and care of me
Bar faire *Clarinda* the freedome of her choyce,
By threatning punishments vnto her Father,
If she choose not me: for, should she be[1] offended,
Which she might iustly be, if I should seeme
To force Loue from her,[2] it were not within your power,
Though that you would giue all that you possesse,
To make me satisfaction for the wrong.
King. Yes, I could make you satisfaction,
Though shee were offended; by forcing her
Into your armes, to whom the wrong was done.
Duke. Her Person Sir you might, but not her Minde;
Which is indeed the obiect of my Loue,
That's free from your subiection: for it's free
From Loue, a greater power by farre.
Utran. My Lord, I thinke shee's free from reason too,
For did that gouerne her, she could not thus neglect
Her happinesse: or rather she may yet suspect, your Lordship
Doth not meane what you professe; and from that feare
Seemes coy, till she be more assured.
Duke. I cannot pluck my heart out of my brest
To shew her (I wish I could) yet liue to doe her seruice:
There she might see her worth truely ingrauen
In lasting Characters, not to be razed out
By the hand of Time; nor (which is more) her scorne.
King. Cozen, if you will be rul'd by me,
I'le make her leape with ioy into your armes.
Duke. Sir, so that it be by no way of violence,
I will obey you.
King. In act I'le vse no way of violence;
Yet I must threaten it.
Duke. Sir, if you threaten her, you ruine me;
Her Sun-bright Eyes, by faithfull seruice,
May in time shine gently on me, and warme
My frozen hopes. But on the contrary,
Shee knowing that I'm the cause of these your threatnings,

[1] "be" supplied from second edition. [2] here.

Will from her iust-vext soule throw curses on me.
I would not see the[1] heauen of her faire face,
Clouded with any raised by my power, to be a Monarch.
King. You know my loue, and you presume vpon it,
Take your owne way of loue, deliver vp your selfe
Vnto her mercy, that I would make at yours,
Would you be ruled: go, see your Mistris,
Tell her you loue her more then euer man did woman;
To proue which true, pray her that shee'l cómmand you
Taskes more dangerous, then did the enuious *Iuno*
To great *Hercules:* all which you will performe
With much more ease; since you by her command
Shall vndertake 'em whose vertue hath the power
To arme you 'gainst a world of dangers: doe,
Make her proud with praises, and then see
How she will torture you.
Duke. Sir, she may torture me, and iustly too,
For my presumption: since I haue dared
To tell so much perfections that I loue,
Not being first made worthy by my suffering
For her.
Vtran. My Lord, if you'l be pleas'd to grace my house
This day she either shall requite your sufferings,
Or I will deny her for a child of mine.
Duke. My Lord, most willing, I would see faire *Clarinda,*
But not vpon such conditions; nothing
But gentle intreaties must be vs'd: for tho the King
Were pleas'd to say that my humility
Would make her proud; I would not haue a subiect
Say, not you that are her Father, that she can
Doe an act or thinke a thought that tends not
To perfection.
King. Come my Lords, we will goe hunt a Stag to day,
And leaue my Cozen to his amorous thoughts. *Exe. K. Atten.*
Duke. I thanke your Maiestie for this dayes licence:
My Lord *Vtrante,* shall I then see *Clarinda,*
And will you lend your best assistance
To make me Master of a happinesse, the world may enuy?
Utran. My Lord, you make an Idol of a peeuish Girle,
Who hath indeed no worth but what you please

[1] "thee" in first edition.

To give her in your opinion.
Duke. I must not heare you thus blaspheme.
You might as well say *Pallas* wanted wisdome,
Diana chastitie, or *Uenus* beautie,
As say she wanted worth, for euery seueral excellence
That shin'd in them, and made them
By mens admirations[1] Goddesses,
Flow mixt in her; indeed she hath
Too much of *Dians* Ice about her heart,
And none of *Uenus* heate; but come my Lord,
I lose my selfe in her vast praises, and so
Deferre the ioy of seeing what I so commend. *Exeunt..*

Enter Iacomo and Lysander at seuerall dores.

Lys. Good morrow honest *Iacomo*, is my young Ladie readie?
Iaco. She is my Lord.
Lys. And where's her Father?
Iaco. He was this morning early sent for by the King.
Lys. Tell your Ladie I would speake with her.
Iaco. My Lord I will. *Exit.*
Lys. The Count *Utrante* is happie in this honest seruant:
Let me before I doe perswade *Clarinda*, consider well;
Surely that houre in which I see her led to the Temple,
And there made fast with Hymeneall rights[2] vnto another,
Will be my vtmost limit, and death is terrible;
Not where there is so glorious a reward propos'd,
As is her happinesse: shee shall be happie,
And in her happinessee consisteth mine,
Haue I not often sworne I lou'd her better
Then my selfe? and this is onely left to make it good.

Enter Clarinda and Iacomo.

Clar. Good morrow noble Brother, for by that title
I am proud to call you, being deny'd a neerer.
Lys. It is a title that I am blest in,
Nor can there be a neerer betwixt vs two,
Our soules may embrace, but not our bodies.
Clar. Let vs goe walke into the Garden, and there
We may freely speake, and thinke vpon some remedy
Against this disaster. *Exeunt Lysander and Clarinda.*

[1] admiration. [2] rites.

Iaco. What a dull Slaue was I? had I not[1] last night ouer-heard their louing parley, I neuer once should have suspected that they had beene in loue: shee alwaies seem'd an enemie to loue, yet hath been long most desperate in loue with this young Lord, which quite will spoyle my hopes at Court; yet when I better thinke, it will be for my aduantage, as I may handle it and further my reuenge; for I will insinuate my selfe into the Dukes good opinion, by making a discouery of their loues: and then aduise him that there is no way to gaine *Clarinda's* heart, till first *Lysander* be remou'd by some employment; for out of sight with women out of minde; or if hee be[2] impatient of delayes; I will aduise him to vse some bloudy meanes; which if he want an Instrument to do, I will effect it my selfe, pretending that it is out of loue to him when it is indeed the satisfaction of mine own reuenge; and when the Duke is once a partner of my villany, I will be richly paid for what I do, or else for all his greatnesse I will affright him.

For though great men for bloudy deeds
Giue money to a Knaue;
Yet if hee bee a witty one like mee,
Hee'l make that Lord his Slaue. *Exit.*

Enter Clarinda and Lysander.

Clar. Come, let vs sit downe, for I am tyr'd
With walking; and then I will tell you
How I am resolu'd to free vs from this torment.

Lys. I feare there is no remedy, but we must part.

Clar. Yes, if you will giue consent to what
I shall propound.

Lys. First let me heare it.

Clar. My Father, though he haue his liberty,
Is not yet restor'd to his Lands: when next
The Duke doth visit me, which I beleeue will
Be to day; Ile seeme as if I did mistrust his loue
To be but fain'd; he then will striue by some strong
Testimony, to proue hee truly loues:
Then will I vrge my Fathers restoration
To his Lands, which he being once possest of,
Will[3] not be hard for me, the world knowing
How well he loues me, to get some coine and Iewels

[1] had not I [2] "be" supplied from 2d edn. [3] 'Twill.

In my power, sufficient to maintaine vs
In some other Country, where we like shepheards
Or some country folkes may passe our time with ioy:
And that we may without distrust effect this,
I to the Duke will promise, that when a moneth[1]
Is expir'd, if he will come and lead me to the Church,
I'le not refuse to goe. Doe you approue
Of this *Lysander?*
Lys. No, deare *Clarinda,*
Though most men hold deceit in loue for lawfull,
Lysander doth not; Ere you for me shall spot
Your yet pure selfe with such a staine, as to be
A deceiuer, this sword shall pierce my heart:
The debt I owe you is too great already,
And till I cleere some part, I shall vnto my selfe
Appeare a most vngratefull man. When first I saw you,
The height of all my aymes was onely to haue leaue
To loue you, so excellent I then esteem'd you:
But you in time, out of your bounty,
Not for my desert; for no desert can reach
Your height[2] of merit, gaue loue for loue,
For which I owe my life sau'd by that mercy
From despaire, and lent me for to serue you.
Clar. You are too thankfull, and attribute that
To my bounty, which was the wages of your true
And faithfull seruice.
Lys. Were this granted, yet how euer I shall be able
To free my selfe from that great burden of debt
Which your intended flight for my sake
Will lay vpon me, as yet I cannot see;
For did you[3] at all value your owne happinesse,
You could not thus flie the meanes

C

That can best make you so.
Clar. Lysander, to what tends this great acknowlegment?
I vnderstand you not, what is your meaning?
Lys. My meaning, deare *Clarinda,* is to make you happie,

[1] month. [2] heighth. [3] "you" supplied from second edition.

And I coniure you by your affection,
And all that's deare to you, to lay by
That little portion of wilfulnesse
Which being a woman you are forc'd to haue,
And heare me with your best attention,
And with the same affection, as if I were
Your Brother, which if the heauens had pleas'd
To make me, I had beene most happy.
With your best reason looke vpon your present fortune;
Looke first vpon the man from whence you had your being,
And see in reason what pitty it will challenge from you;
A noble ancient Gentleman, depriu'd of Lands
And honors, by iniustice, that as a stranger
Might exact your pitty; but as a Child,
It being within your power, it forceth your consent
To giue a remedy: If pity of your Fathers fortune
Cannot moue you, pitty your owne I beseech you,
Consider not of me as a tormented Louer,
That hath lost his Mistris, but as a fortunate Brother,
Fortunate in seeing of his Sister, whom he dearly loues
Married to one so worthy, whose merits
Compels fortune to waite vpon him, for such the Duke is,
Whom you must not refuse, for such a poore,
Vnworthy man as I am.

Clar. *Lysander*, should I grant your want of worth,
I then must giue consent to the committing
Of a Sacriledge against the Gods, in suffering you
To rob your selfe, you being the purest Temple,
That yet they euer built for to be honour'd in:
And for the Duke each worth which you expresse of him to me,
Is but a doubling of your owne,
The way to speake for him, were to appeare
Your selfe lesse worthy, in this your worths increase.

Lys. Would you but looke with an impartiall eye,
On our deseruings; you soone would find me
The lesse worthy; for euen in that, wherein
You thinke me not to be equal'd, he goes
Farre beyond me, (I meane in true affection)
For being but a priuate man as I am,
Who would not thinke him blest to loue, and be belou'd

By you that are esteem'd the wonder of this Age:
But for the Duke, within whose power it lies
To choose the most transplendent Beauty of this Kingdome,
Set off with Fortunes best endowments; for him, I say,
To choose out you amongst a world of Ladies,
To make the sole Commandresse of him selfe,
Deserues (if you would giue your reason leaue to rule)
The neerest place in your affection.
Clar. Doe not thus vainly striue to alter my opinion
Of your worth with words, which was so firmly grounded
By your reall actions; it is a fault, but I will striue
To wash it from you with my teares.
Lys. These teares in her stagger my resolution;
For sure he must be worthiest for whom she weepes:
Clarinda, drie your eyes.

Enter Iasper.

Clar. How now *Iasper*, where is my Father?
Ias. Madame, he doth desire that you will make you ready,
To come to Supper to the Dukes to night.
Clar. He was resolued to haue sup'd heere,
How, hath he chang'd his mind?
Ias. Madame he desires you not to fayle,
But come and bring my Lord here with you.
Clar. Well, I will obey him. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Seruants.

1. Come, prethee be carefull, we shall gaine
More vpon my Lords good opinion,
If we please him this day, then hereafter

In the whole seruice of our liues.
2. Why prethee?
1. Here will this day be his faire Mistris *Clarinda*
And her Father.
2. I thought it was some extraordinary occasion,
He was himselfe so carefull; will there be none else?
Will not the King be here? the entertainment
Would be worthy of him.
1. It may be braue *Lysander* will be here, none else;
For he is alwayes with the Count *Ulrante*.

2. When came he home from trauaile?
I did not see him since hee lay here in my Lords house
To be cured of the wounds the bore gaue him.
He owes my Lord for sauing of his life then,
I helpt to bring him out of the field.
1. My Lord was happy in sauing of so braue a Gentleman.
Enter Lysander, Vtrante, and Clarinda.
Lys. Can I loue *Clarinda*, yet goe about
To hinder her of being Mistris of all this riches;
Each roome we passe through is a Paradise,
The Musicke like the Musicke of the Spheares,
Rauishing the hearers with content and admiration;
But that which addes vnto all the rest,
Is the Dukes true affection; I am asham'd
When I consider of my indiscretion
That would haue brought her to the counterpoynt
Of this great happinessee.
Enter Duke and Followers.
Duke. Noble *Lysander*, welcome; Excellent Lady,
All the honors that my great and royall Master
Hath bestow'd vpon me, equals not this,
That you haue done, in gracing at my request
This now most glorious house, since it containes within it
The glory of the world.
Clar. My Lord, your praises flie too hie a pitch to light on—
Duke. They must doe so, or they'l fall short
Of your great worth.
Clar. A reasonable pitch would sooner strike
Me with beliefe.
Duke. To giue you a firme beleefe of the respect
I beare you, is that I onely ayme at.
Clar. My Lord, it lyeth in your choyce whether I shall
Belieue you or no; for if you will speake
Only that which in reason is likely to be true,
I am no Infidell, I shall beleeue.
Duke. You are so farre from being an Infidel
That you are a Saint, at whose blest shrine
I offer up my life and Fortunes,
With a truer deuotion then euer Louer did.
Clar. I see I must allow you the Louers Phrases,

Which is to call their Mistris St. and[1] their affection
Deuotion: but to let your Phrases passe,
And answere the meaning of your protestation,
How can I belieue that you can loue me
Better then any man did euer loue his Mistris,
There being such an inequalitie in our present fortunes,
When equalitie doth giue birth to more affection,
And those more violent, there being no respect
To be a hindrance,[2] I meane both the equalities
Of Birth and Fortunes, in both which we farre differ,
You being the next a kin vnto the King,
And I the Daughter to a condem'd man,
Though now for your owne ends at liberty.
Duke. If it be lawfull for your deuoted seruant
To contradict you in any thing, it is
In the defence of his affection.
You know that Riuers being stopt by any[3] impediment,
As rocks, or bridges, run the more fierce
When they are free[4] from that which did incomber them;
So might I say for my affection
If I should acknowledge, which yet I will not,

That the consideration of my Greatnesse
Was for a while an Impediment to the current
Of my Loue; but alas, those considerations
Could neuer finde harbor in that heart
Where loue and admiration had already
Taken vp their lodging; nor doe they in my opinion
Deserue to be happy, who mixe the consideration
Of the good of fortune, with their affections.
Clar. My Lord, in this last I doe vnfainedly belieue you,
I meane in your opinion, which is, that true loue
Cannot be mixt with respects, and to shew now
How well I belieue you, I will make it my shield
Both to defend me against your worthy affection,
(I confesse if your thoughts and words agree)
And against my Fathers vniust commands;
For since you confesse, that to mixe loue with respects
Spoyles the puritie of it, and that they

[1] Saint &. [2] hinderance. [3] an. [4] "free" supplied from second edn.

Who so mixe it, deserue not to be happy;
It must needs be great iniustice in you
And my Father to desire me to loue you
Vnworthily; since I cannot loue you
Without mixing the consideration
Of the benefits my Father shall receiue
By my Marriage with your Grace, besides
The satisfaction of me[1] owne ambition
In being a Dutchesse, may make any streame
Of affection which can proceed from me,
Vnfit to mixe with so pure a streame
As you professe yours is.

Duke. Madame I cannot denie what you affirme,
Since you ground your argument vpon my confest
Opinion; but know deare Lady, that as you manifest
In this your cruell answere, your disdaine of me,
Which will incense my despaire; yet on the
Other side the excellence of your wit
Will increase my desire; for euen out of that
Which I brought as an argument to moue you
The more to loue, you conclude that you are
To neglect, and with a seeming Iustice,
Which shews that your wit can bring any thing
To passe, that your will shall employ it in.

Clar. I should account my selfe happie, were I
So furnished; but my Lord, I must not looke
Vpon my selfe in the flattering glasse
Of your praises; for I hate flattery though a woman;
And as I am my selfe arm'd against flatterie,
So would I haue you be; therefore I tell you
That I can neuer be yours, to arme you against
The flatterie of hope; yet I must tell you
That your deserts, if it were possible
For me to loue, might sooner doe it then any other,
But as I am a votresse to *Diana*, in whose Temple
I doe shortly meane to dwell, I am free
From any fire that can bee kindled
By desert in Man.

[1] my.

Duke. Tho your intention in this cruell answere
May bee charitable, as intending
To allay my heat, by manifesting your boldnesse,
Yet it hath wrought deadly Effects; for it
Forceth me to tell you, that I must disobey you:
For rather then I and the rest of the world
Will lose so great a blessing, there shall not
Be a Temple left standing, that is sacred
To *Diana* within this Kingdome, when[1] this is done,
To make your crueltie admir'd, Ile build
An Alter to selfe-loue; it is that power you obey,
And not *Diana's*, on which some frend shall lay
My bleeding heart, which now in thought,
And then in act, shall be a reall Sacrifice:
Smile not, nor thinke this iest;
For by that *Dian* whom you seeme to worship
Being your selfe a greater Deitie,
When you doe cruelly performe what
You haue rashly said, this heart
Which now seales what my tongue hath spoke,
Shall make the couenant perfect.
Clar. I see this is no way my Lord,
This rash oath you haue made, may cost you deare.
Duke. In that consider the greatnesse of my loue.
Clar. The greatnesse of your folly rather,
That thinke by threatning punishments to your selfe,
To make me pitty you, when since I doe not loue you,
I am not toucht with any feeling of your greefes.
Duke. If not for mine, yet for your Goddesse sake,
Giue ouer your ill grounded resolution.

Enter Bernardo.

Ber. My Lord the King is newly lighted at the garden gate,
And in all hast cals for you.
Duke. Madame the King, to whom my person is a subiect,
Commands my presence, and I must obey him:
But my heart which I haue made you Soueraigne of
Shall stay to wait on you; my returne must needs
Be speedy, since I leaue my heart at the mercy
Of you my cruell enemy.
Clar. My Lord I shall so martyr it before I[2] come agen,

[1] The sense requires "When." [2] you.

That you will repent you.
Duke. You cannot giue it deeper wounds
Then you haue done already, and in that
Confidence Ile leaue you.
Ber. Madame, will it please you walke into the gallery,
There are some pictures will be worth your seeing. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundus, Scoena prima.

Enter King, Attendants, Iacomo, Duke and Followers meeting.

King. Will none go call the Duke? Welcome deare Cozen;
You lost a braue chase to day, but you had other game
A foote: what sayes your cruell Mistris, will she loue you?
Duke. I hope she will Sir, she doth hear me speake.
King. How! heare you speake?
Duke. Of loue I meane Sir. *King.* Fye, passionate man.
Duke. Why Sir, doe you not thinke him happie
Whom she will vouchsafe to heare?
King. You know my loue hath made you what you are
Out of an opinion that you deserued it;
Not for that you were my Kinsman. I neuer yet deny'd
What you would aske, relying on your iudgement
And your vertue. Should you haue ask'd my Sister,
For your Wife, I sooner should haue giuen consent
And taxt your iudgement lesse, then I doe now
For doting on this Lady. Call backe for shame then
That iudgement which had wont to gouerne all
Your actions, and make me once more proud
That I haue such a Kinsman, whose iudgment
Can controule his strongest passions, euen loue it selfe,
When it is preiudiciall to his honor.
Duke. Sir, You haue always beene a Father to me,
And studyed that which hath beene for my good,
Better then I could thinke. I know your Maiesties
Intent in this, is to perswade me from that
Which you belieue is preiudiciall to me:
But since without her loue gain'd the faire way
Of seruice, not by threatnings, I can take ioy
In nothing this world can afford me;
Pardon me Sir, if I desire you to spare
Your Counsell, since I am capable of none,
Except you perswade me to loue more.

King. Well Sir, I will leaue you to your amorous passions,
See me no more till I send for you. *Exeunt King, Attendants.*
Duke. The King is mou'd;
Should he take from me all that he hath given me,
Yet it were[1] a happinesse, if for her sake I lost it.
Iaco. My noble Lord.
Duke. Friend, what is your suit to me?

D

If it be reasonable, it shall not bee deny'd
For your young Ladies sake.
Iaco. My Lord, the businesse I haue to deliuer,
Concernes your Grace.
Duke. How! me? what is it? speake.
Iaco. My Lord, it is a secret, and doth concerne *Clarinda*,
And therefore send your people off,
That with more freedome I may speak with you.
Duke. Waite me without. *Exeunt Seruants.* Now speake.
Iaco. What thinks your Lordship is the cause
That moues *Clarinda* to neglect your Loue?
Duke. The knowledge of her own worth and my vnworthines,
Which defect I hope in time my faithfull seruice
Shall make good, and she will loue me.
Iaco. Neuer, my Lord.
Duke. Why, is her vow of Chastity already past?
Iaco. Shee vow Chastitie!
Duke. Why villaine dost thou smile at that?
Think'st thou *Diana's* selfe is Chaster?
Iaco. Great Sir, mistake me not. I smile to thinke
How she deceiues your Grace, telling you
She neuer meanes to marrie, when I dare
Pawne my life she is already contracted.
Duke. Traitor to my best hopes!
Thou hast kindled in my brest a iealous fire
That will consume me; fiends take thee for thy newes;
Would thou hadst beene borne dumbe: betroth'd! it cannot be:
Who durst presume, knowing I lou'd her once,
To thinke of Loue, much lesse to name it to her?
Iaco. My Lord, if you will with patience heare me,
I will tell you whom.

[1] were it.

Duke. Speake quickly, giue me that ease,
For I vow the earth shall not long beare us both.
Iaco. I will not tell you, vnlesse you will promise
To follow my aduice, which if you will,
I will shew you a cleare way to your desires.
Duke. What, do you riddle me? is she contracted,
And can I by your counsell attaine my wishes?
No, the House of Fate, though they should all
Take Counsell, cannot backe restore the happinesse
Th' ast[1] rob'd me of[2] in saying shee's contracted.
Iaco. My Lord, do not thus wast your selfe
In fruitless passion, but heare the remedy
That Ile propound.
Duke. First let me know which of the Gods it is,
That in a mortall shape hath gain'd her Loue,
That thou suspect'st she is contracted,
Or else some King, that in disguise hath left
His Kingdome, to obtaine her loue
Who is worth many Kingdomes.
Name not a meaner Riuall, if thou dost
Expect I should belieue.
Iaco. My Lord, it is a man, to whom
Your valorous hand gaue life.
Duke. Curst be my hand then for that vnkinde office
Against my heart; name him.
Iaco. It is the young Lord *Lysander*.
Duke. Take that ignorant foole, *Lysander! Strikes him.*
Iaco. How! strucke: is this my hop't reward?
By all that's good, Ile be reueng'd.
Duke. I was too rash,
She is a Woman, and may dissemble, *Lysander* to[3]
Is noble courteous valiant, handsome;
But yet compar'd with me his fortunes nothing.
Alas, that cannot barr loue out of a noble breast,
Such as *Clarinda's* is: what wayes[4] my Birth
Or greatnesse with the King, in her consideration?
Lysanders equall fortunes, and her owne,
In that their Fathers suffer for one cause,
His banisht, hers a prisoner (till I releast him)

[1] Th' hast. [2] off. [3] too. [4] waighs.

Hath I feare, begot a mutuall loue betwixt them.
Friend, prethee pardon me, I was too rash,

D 2

Ile heale thy hurt with gold.
Iaco. My Lord, I am a Gentleman,
And were you not a Kinsman to the King,
The blow you gaue me might haue cost you deare.
Duke. Ile heale thy reputation and thy head,
With store of crownes; here: but prethee tell me,
What mou'd thee to discouer this to me?
Or how camst thou thy selfe to know of it?
I thinke her Father doth not.
Iaco. I thinke he doth not, it is long since,
Since I suspected it; and to assure my selfe,
The other night I crept behind the Arbour,
Where they vse to meet sometimes, and soon by their
Discourse, I found what I suspected, to be most true:
My loue vnto your Grace made me so curious;
For I protest there is no man aliue,
That's more ambitious to do your Lordship seruice;
It grieu'd my soule to see a man that so deseru'd,
So much neglected and abus'd. Some of this is true.[1]
Duke. If thou wilt make thy fortune,
Bring me where vnseene, I may ouerheare them.
Iaco. So your Grace will not discouer your selfe,
Ile promise you once within three nights.
Duke. By mine honour I will not, performe
Thy promise, and I will make thee happie.
Iaco. Be sure you shew not
At your returne to them the least distemper.
Duke. Feare not that. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarinda, Vtrante, Lysander, Bernardo.

Clar. Sir, you haue shew'd vs many Pictures;
But aboue all the rest, I like that of your Lords.
Ber. Madame, I know my Lord would think him[2] happie
Would you accept the picture; but much happier
If you would take the substance.

[1] An aside. [2] him-self.

Clar. It may be Sir I will.
Utran. Daughter, I charge you on my blessing,
When the Duke returnes to vse him with respect.
Clar. Father, I see you haue no skill, you doe not know
The craft we women vse to make men loue the more;
The smallest fauour I shall shew him after this harsh vsage,
Will make him thinke himselfe in heauen.
Utran. Before you part, when he comes backe,
I pray you vrge my restoration,
But first promise to marry him.
Clar. Leaue that to my Discretion.
Enter Duke.
Duke. Gentle Lady, I craue your pardon for my stay,
Which was drawne out beyond my expectation.
Lys. Me thinkes my Lord looks soure vpon me.
Clar. My Lord, indeed I wondred how you stayd so long,
Or rather how you liu'd, your heart and you being parted;
For that you left behind you when you went.
Duke. Madame, I doe confesse it is a miracle
Proceeding from your beauty, that I could liue
So long wanting a heart; but trust me,
If my faithfull seruice cannot procure me yours,
But that you needs will send my owne againe,
The Miracle will then be altered quite;
For now the Miracle consisteth in that I liue
And yet you haue my heart; and then it will
Be a Miracle indeed if I doe liue after
Your scorne shall giue it backe againe.
Clar. My Lord, I see it was not bounty
But hope of gaine made you giue me your heart;
For you expect that I should giue you mine
By way of recompence, which yet I cannot doe:
But that I may be sure they are true Miracles
That you are pleas'd to say my Beauty worketh;
(For there are many false ones here in Loues Religion;)
Ile take a Moneth for tryall of the truth,
All which time my charity compels me to keepe your heart;
For should I send it backe, you say it would kill you,

Or worke another Miracle, which I desire not,
In that time I shall be acquainted with your heart,
If then it doth appeare the same it now doth,
Clad in the same pure zeale that now it weares,
Ile make a change, and giue you mine for it;
For when a Moneth is once past, come you
And lead me to the Church, Ile not refuse to goe.
Duke. Slaue that I was to trust that villaine *Iacomo*,
That told me she lou'd *Lysander*.[1] Deare Lady
You haue in this comfortable answere
Reuiu'd a dying man, this mercy at the blocke,
Shewes you to be diuine, and so an obiect
Fit for my affection, which hath beene still
Aboue my reason: but would you in the mean time
Command me somthing, where my faithfull seruice
Might appeare more then in words, I then should be
Most happie.
Enter Seruants with a Banquet and stooles.
Clar. This offer I expected;[2]
My Lord, you know the iniuries my Father
Hath receiu'd: if you will see him righted,
His Lands and Honors backe to him restor'd,
Which is but Iustice for a bribe, for euen iust causes
Now haue need of bribery, Ile giue you thankes,
And trust me that it is more then great men
Should expect for doing iustice.
Duke. Rather if it please you,
Let it be somthing, wherein I shall haue no other tie
Vpon me but only your command, my honor
Ties me to see this perform'd.
Clar. This once perform'd,
Since you so much desire it, I will studie
Some Command, that may adde honor to you
In the faire performance.
Utran. Come my Lord, we will draw neare,
I see their parley's at an end.
Duke. Come sit faire Lady.
Utran. My Lord, what sayes my Daughter?
Will shee yet yeeld to her[3] owne happinesse.

[1] An aside. [2] An aside. [3] First edn. reads "his."

Duke. I hope she will at last make me a fitter marke
For Enuy, in that I am belou'd of her,
Then for my present greatnesse.
Lys. My Lord, there is no cause of Enuy for either,
The greatnesse of your honors being but the Iust
Reward of your uneqal'd merit: and for *Clarinda*,
Tho her worth be great as you can wish it;
Yet you doe well deserue her, both for your worthy Loue,
And for the many fauors you haue done her Father.
Utran. My Lord, belieue me, he hath spoke my thoughts.
Duke. Now when the King sent for me, I had preuented[1]
Your Daughter in a command that she layd vpon me
Concerning your restoring to your Landes,
But that the King was angry at something that I said.
Lys. I thought it had beene Impossible,
He could haue beene offended with your Grace.
Duke. 'Tis true, at other times he could not,
But the Lords told me that his Sister
Faire *Cleonarda*, had receiud a hurt,
By rescuing of the hounds from the Stags fury,
When he stood at bay, and that made him it may be
So apt for to be angry.
Lys. Why did they suffer her so to endanger her selfe?
Duke. My Lord, she apprehends not danger,
Which you'l confesse your selfe, when you haue heard
Me tell, what I haue seene her doe.
Lys. This act to me my Lord, is a sufficient testimony
That she doth not feare; for by the lawes of hunting
It is not to any man thought a disparagement,
To giue way to a Stagge, his head being hard.
Duke. She is a Lady of that noble Spirit,
That she wants nothing but the person of a Man
To be one, her heart being equall
To the most valiant: with these eyes I saw her,
(The King her brother being in the Forrest)
Breake from the company, and pursue a wolfe,
Which the hounds following of a Stagge,
Did bring out of a thicket, and being well horst,
She ply'd him with so many wounding shafts,

[1] *obeyed* makes better sense.

That he at length was forc'd to stay his course,
And seing there was no way to scape[1] by flight,
He turn'd, for to reuenge the wounds he had
Receiu'd, in which he shew'd himselfe a beast indeed
And led by bruitish[2] fury; for had he beene
Indew'd with reason, hee'd haue tane the wounds
She gaue for fauors, and kist the instrument,
That honour'd him with death from her faire hand.
Lys. My Lord, 'tis strange a woman should do this.
Duke. I was the near'st, but ere I could come in
She had cut off his head, the seruice
That I could doe her, was to carry to the King
Her brother, that Trophee of her Victory,
Whilst she followed the hownds, and so fled
From the hearing of her owne iust praises,
Which all with[3] admiration did bestow vpon her.
Utran. But that your Grace doth tell it,
I should not thinke a woman could doe this.
Clar. My Lord, did I loue you so well as to be iealous,
These praises of the Princesse were apt food
For it to feed on.
Duke. Madame, I honour her as the beloued Sister
Of my Soueraigne; but adore you as my Goddesse,
At whose blest shrine, I offer vp my life and fortunes.
Clar. My Lord, I should accompt it as the most acceptable
Seruice that you could doe, to bring me to kisse the hands
Of this much to be admir'd Lady.
Duke. Madame, once euery week she comes to see the King,
And the King euery time he hunts, failes not
To see her: when next she comes to the Court,
I will wait vpon you to her.
Clar. What is the reason
She liues not with her brother at the Court,
Since he so dearly loues her as they say?
Duke It's certaine no Brother loues a Sister better,
For there's[4] no Brother hath a Sister so worthy,
You hauing neuer a Brother.
Clar. My Lord, 'tis late;
And though heretofore the company of a Father

[1] escape. [2] brutish. [3] by. [4] there is.

Were a sufficient buckler to beare off slanders darts;
Yet now the[1] world is changed, growne so vicious,
That Fathers are become the likeliest Instruments
Of sin, and women are not to satisfie themselues
Alone with being good; but they must giue the world
A firme beliefe of all their actions,
That they are so; there may be some seing me here
Thus late, that will not sticke to say my honour
Is the bribe paid for my Fathers restoration.
Duke. Though there were found one enuious woman foolish
And wicked to report it; (for both these she must be)
There could not sure be found another Fiend
Of the same stampe, that would belieue it;
I dare not though I wish it, bid you stay longer:
I will wait vpon you to your Coach.
Clar. My Lord, it shall not need.
Utran. My Lord, I hope it will not be long
Before this ceremony of parting will be quite lost,
And that you will not be so farre asunder.
Duke. In hope of that blest houre I liue.
Clar. Doe not too strongly apprehend your happinesse,
A month's a long time, all things are vncertaine,
Especially the promises of women. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacomo.

Iaco. Fortune, I see thou art a friend to working spirits,
Thou wouldst not else haue giuen me this occasion
So soone to compasse my ends by; I ouer-heard *Clarinda*,

When she intreated *Lysander* to meete her in the
Accustom'd place, and thither will I bring the Duke.
He from *Clarinda's* promise of Marriage,
Is now growne something doubtfull, whether that
Which I did tell him be true or no; but now his owne eare
Shall be his witnesse; for which seruice he cannot choose
But both loue an[2] reward me.
But I lose precious time, which wise men euer
Consider of, but fooles seldome or neuer. *Exit.*

Enter Clarinda and Lysander, (as in an Arbour), in the night.[3]

[1] "the" supplied from second edition. [2] and. [3] See Notes, p. 163.

Lys. Had you not sent me word, I had not come to night,
It is so darke.
Clar. It is darke indeed, the fitter for one orecharged
With griefe in heart as I am.
Lys. Why deare *Clarinda*, are you not resolu'd
To marry with the Duke?
Clar. I see *Lysander* you doe not loue me now,
Nor wish my happinesse, you would not else
Perswade me from louing you, wherein it only
Can consist.
Lys. Will you still for the ayery name of Constant,
Rob your selfe of a substantiall happinesse?
Besides, thinke what duty bids you, doe it
In respect of your Father; if you do it not[1]
He must needs fall into the Kings displeasure,
The Duke[2] being his Kinsman, so what happinesse
Could you inioy? Will you be rul'd by me,
And Ile shew you a direct way to happinesse;
Doe you loue me as you professe?
Enter Duke and Iacomo.
Clar. You know I loue you more
Then I have words to vtter.
Lys. Yet you would neuer give consent to marry me
Though it were still my Suite, alleadging
That our fortunes were too meane, and had we
Without Marriage inioy'd the sweets of loue,
It had beene dangerous vnto your honour,
Should you haue prou'd with child; but will[3] be now
Secure in that respect, if you marry with the Duke;
And for our difficulty in meeting,
'T will adde to our delights; now euery time
That we shall meete in secret, will farre passe
A wedding-night in ioy, stolne pleasures giue
An appetite, secure delights but cloy.
Duke. O my vext soule!
Must I then heare a villaine speake thus to her
I loue, and not reuenge it presently?
Iaco. My Lord, remember your Oath.

[1] First edition reads: "if he should marry".
[2] First edition reads "He". [3] should read *we will*.

Clar. *Lysander*, why d'ye stare so and look pale?
Your hayre stands vp an end, as if your sense
Began to faile you; sure you are falne mad,
Nay, I doe hope you are so; for if you be not,
I am more miserable than if you were:
For, can *Lysander* be himselfe, and speake thus
To his *Clarinda*? No, he cannot: either *Lysander*
Is chang'd from what he was; or else he neuer
Was what I esteem'd him, either of which
Makes me most miserable.
Lys. You would seeme to thinke me mad, when indeed
Yourselfe are so, you would not else thus weepe
When I aduise you to that which will be most to our content.
Clar. Pardon me *Lysander*, that I haue seemed
For to beleeue; for sure I did no more[1]
That which you haue spoke proceeded from your heart.
Lys. Why, doe you thinke that I dissembled in what I said?
Clar. Yes, *Lysander;* I know you did dissemble;
For if you did not, you were a loathed villaine.
Lys. I doe confesse if I were that *Lysander*
Which I haue seem'd to be; it were impossible
For me to thinke what I haue spoke; but know

Clarinda, though hitherto I haue seemed
To carry in my brest a flame so pure,
That neuer yet a sparke of Lust appear'd,
It hath beene a dissembled shew of modestie,
Only to cozen you; and if *Clarinda*,
The requitall of my affection be that which
Hinders you from these great honors, be not deceiu'd,
For you shall haue more power then to requite it,
When you are greater: we are now equall;
But when you are a Dutchesse, then t'enioy you
Will be a double pleasure, then you shall haue
Occasion to expresse your loue in my aduancement.
Duke Ile kill him instantly.
Iaco. Your oath my Lord.
Duke. The merit of the act being so iust,
Will expiate the sinne of periurie.

[1] no more than.

Iaco. My Lord.

Duke. What, shall I heare her whom I haue ador'd
Almost with as much zeale as I haue offer'd vp
My prayers to the Gods, tempted to acts of Lust
And not reuenge it?

Iaco. My Lord, heare me but speake, and then doe what you will: if you should thus in the night, and in the house of the Count *Utrante* kill Lord *Lysander*, your honour *Clarinda's* and her Fathers would be tainted, and so breed strange combustions: but if you be resolu'd that he must die, which in my iudgement is most necessary, if you still loue *Clarinda*, I will vndertake for to dispatch him by some meanes or other; but should you now here in *Clarinda's* presence kill him she loues, her mind is so noble she would neuer indure you.

Duke. This is a villaine, an incarnate Diuell;
Yet I will follow some part of his counsell:[1]
Lead me the way backe vnseene. Ile stay no longer.
For if I heare him speake againe in that base Key,
I shall doe that which I hereafter may repent.
No. Ile take the noblest way to my reuengement. *Exit.*

Lys. *Clarinda*, you haue long beene silent,
What is it you consider of? if it bee my words,
You must needs find them full of reason.

Clar. Ile seeme as base as he would haue me,
And so find out whether he speaks this from
His heart, or no.[2]

Clar. I must confesse that this which you haue spoken
Stands with good reason; and reason is the rule
By which we ought to square our actions:
Dare I belieue that you would counsell me
To any thing, but that which will be most
For my content, and for the Duke, will it not be
Farre lesse to his content, not to enioy at all
Me whom he loues, then if he should possesse me,
And yet you haue a share with him in my embracings?
For what is that husband worse, whose wife abuses him,
If she haue but the wit to keepe it from his knowledge?

Lys. It is true the Duke is so noble, and doth withal
So truely loue you, that it will quite banish

[1] An aside. [2] An aside.

All base distrust, so that we might with all security
Inioy our loues.
Clar. Leaue, leaue.
Lys. Or if he should find out our craft,
How soone might we dispatch him by poyson?
There haue been such things done.
Clar. You doe ouer-act your part,
I see the end you ayme at, your vertue shewes it selfe
Quite through that maske of vice, which loue to me
And to my Father made you put on; you thought
If you could haue giuen me a beliefe
Of your vnworthines, that then I would haue giuen
Consent to haue married with the Duke:
Leaue your dissembling then, since y' are discouerd,
Lest you offend the Gods; I only seem'd
To giue applause to what you said, to find
Your crafte.

Lys. I see my heart lies open to you,
You haue spoken my very thoughts, indeed
This was my end.
Clar. Lysander, I perceiue that your affection
Is altogether gouern'd by your reason,
For which if it be possible, I loue you more,
Because it well becomes a man to doe so:
But I should hate my selfe, if I should loue
According to your rule, which I will manifest;
For here I take the heauens to witnesse,
That if within three dayes you do not marry me,
Ile kill my selfe, speake quickly; for if you do not
Loue me, it is a greater mercy to tell me so
(That I may dye) then to perswade me
To loue another, that being impossible,
But death is easie.
Lys. Clarinda, you haue ouercome by this rash oath
My resolution: for I perceiue the fates
Had fore-ordain'd we should enioy each other,
After such reall testimonies to make our loue the firmer
I doe with ioy embrace what you compell
Me to by your rash oath; and if your Father

Wilfully will stay, and not flye with vs,
Rather then I will euer draw teares
From those bright eyes
I so dearly loue, wee'l leaue him to the danger. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke with two Letters.

Duke. Shall I stil loue one that neglects my faithfull seruice?
Alacke I cannot helpe it now, I yeelded vp
My heart at the first summons her faire eyes made,
Me thought[1] it was a kind of treason, once
To doubt that she was not the soueraigne of all hearts:
Thus she that came to Court, to beg her Fathers liberty,
Had not that granted only, but that I who beg'd
It for her, became my selfe her prisoner
And neuer man was prouder of his bondage
Then I was: what though she loue a villaine
Whose intemperate lust, and base dissembling,
Rather deserues her hate; yet shee is faire
And vertuous still; it is my part to let her
See her error, tho with the danger of my life,
If I suruiue the combat, and that she know
For what respect I fought, she cannot choose
But loue me, and if the heauens haue so ordained,
That I must fall vnder *Lysanders* sword,
Yet I haue written that, which shall giue a better
Testimony that I did loue her more than he.
Who waits there?

Enter Francisco and Bernardo.

Fran. My Lord.

Duke. I meane to ride abroad this morning,
And if I come not backe at night, carry this letter
To the King; *Bernardo*, carry this presently
Vnto the young Lord *Lysander*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacomo.

Iaco. My plots are dasht, the Duke doth turne his eyes vpon me as though he would looke me dead, I shall gaine hate on all sides, if I bee not wary and cunningly dissemble; reuenge and profit are the ends I ayme at; since I haue mist the one, Ile make the other sure. *Lysander*, I doe hate thee for comming into the world to rob me of my land; yet I doe thinke thou art not onely

[1] Methoughts.

false; my Brother did tricks, which when I would haue proued in open Court the Dukes power boulstred vp against me; but I doe hope I shall bee now reueng'd vpon them both. Ile poyson the Duke my selfe, and to the King accuse *Lysander*, as if he had done it, fearing that the Duke should rob him of his Mistris: I haue a seruant shall sweare what I would haue him, I keepe him for the purpose; since the Duke would not giue me leaue to vse my drugges for him, he shall himselfe taste of them; lest for that kindnesse I offer'd him, I should my selfe bee punish'd:
Hee that to honor looks is not for my blacke ends,
Reuenge & profit Ile pursue through blood of foes and friends.

Enter Lysander and Bernardo.

Lys. Where is the Duke Sir?

Ber. He is this morning ridden forth,
Whither I doe not know.

Lys. Your Letter Sir, do's not require an answere,
It will not be long before I see his Grace my selfe.

Ber. Good morrow to your Lordship.

Lys. Good morrow Sir, Ile read them once more ouer,

Hee reads.

Though the small number of Lines seeme not to require it, Lysander, *I wait for you at the great Elme within the Forrest, make hast, and to preuent danger, come arm'd.*
Few words, but I belieue a Prologue to much mischiefe.
I feare that my affection and *Clarinda's*
Is to the Duke discouer'd; and now disdaine
And anger to be out-riual'd, boyle within his brest.
If it be so, he takes the noblest way,
To vse no other force but his owne arme:
But how shall I imploy my Sword to take
His life that gaue me mine? My conscience tels me
Though it be not apparant to the world,
That I am euen with him; for that since I to him
Would haue giuen vp my interest in *Clarinda*,
Would she haue giuen consent. It may be
I am deceiud in this my apprehension,
And that it is in loue he sends for me;
If it be so, I shall be glad; if not, howeuer
I will meete him according to his desire;
But first Ile write a Letter to *Clarinda*,

It may be I shall neuer see her more:
If I come not home to night, carry a Letter
You shall find within vpon the Table to *Clarinda*:[1]
Honour! thou tiest vs men to strange conditions;
For rather then weel lose the smallest part of thee,
We on an euen lay venture Soules and Bodies,
For so they doe that enter single Combats. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleonarda and Mariana.

Cleo. It is hot *Mariana;* wee'l rest our selues a while
And when the day grows cooler haue another course.
Mari. I wonder how the Deere escaped; the follow-dog
Once pinch'd him.
Cleo. It was the bushes sau'd him.
Mari. Why will you course among the bushes
Gerard the Keeper would haue brought you
To a fairer course; but you will neuer let
Him goe along.
Cleo. I hate to ha: e a tutor in my sport,
I will finde and kill my Game my selfe;
What satisfaction is't to me if by anothers skill
I purchase any thing?
Mari. Yet you must haue
Your husband chosen to your hand; the King your Brother
Will take that paines for you.
Cleo. He shall haue leaue to name me one;
But if I doe not thinke him worthy of me,
Ile breake that Kingly custome, of marrying
For the good of the State; since it makes Princes
More miserable than Beggers; for Beggers marry
Only those they loue.
Mari Madame, it's true, we not alone in Princes
See the bitter effects of such forc'd Marriages;
But euen in priuate Families, Murders and
Adulteries, doe often wait vpon those Couples
Whose Bodies are compeld by Parents or Friends
To ioyne for worldly respects, without the soules consent.
Cleo. 'Tis true *Mariana*, how many carefull Parents
That loue their children dearly, thinking
To make them happy by marrying of them richly,

[1] Spoken to a servant.

Make them miserable, both here and in the other world.
Mari. Madame, 'tis very hot, will you goe bathe your selfe
In the Riuer?
Cleo. With all my heart *Mariana.*

F

It will refresh vs well against the Euening;
I am resolu'd to kill a Deere to night,
Without the Keepers helpe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Lysander

Lys. I hope your Grace hath not long staid for me.
Duke. No, *Lysander*, you are come before
My expectation, though not before my wish:
You cannot guesse the cause that I sent for you.
Lys. My Lord, I cannot,
Vnlesse fortune be so fauorable to giue me
A faire and iust occasion by being your Second,
To hazzard that life for you, which by your valour
Was preserud; but why to hope so great a blessing
I cannot see; since who within this Kingdome
Dare iniure you? Yet you commanded
That I should come arm'd.
Duke. For being my Second, banish that thought,
And yet I meane to fight to day, and for an iniury
That is done to me; and you *Lysander* shall fight to,[1]
Not as a Second, but a Principall.
Lys. With whom?
Duke. With me *Lysander.*
Lys. With you my Lord, vpon what quarrell?
Duke. I will maintaine that I doe loue *Clarinda*
Better than you, and better doe deserue
To be beloued by her.
Lys. My Lord, I doe confesse it,
And so this cannot be a cause of quarrell
She is your Mistris, and deserues to be so,
There being no other worthy of your Seruice:
But for my part I haue no interest in her
More than a friend. Why should your grace thinke
I loue her then so well, to make my loue
To her the quarrell?

[1] too.

Duke. *Lysander*, I did not thinke
Th'adst beene so base to haue deny'd thy Mistris;
But I will further maintaine, thou art thy selfe
A Villaine, a base dissembling lustfull one.
Lys. Had these words,
(Which wound you deeper farre then they doe me.
Since they are scandalous) come from another,
My sword should first haue answered, not my tongue;
But since you are one to whom I owe my life,
Ile keepe another method: First, Ile let you see
The wrong you doe me, which if you shall not
Straight acknowledge, our swords shall then decide
Whether this title be my due or no,
And lest you may condemne me for an enemy,
As thinking me your debtor, Ile let you see
That you my Lord, are as much bound to me,
As I to you, though you did saue my life.
Duke. *Lysander*, doe not thinke,
You owe me any thing for sauing of your life,
The thankes if any was due to Fortune,
Who brought me thither; for what I did
A peasant might haue done, you being your selfe
Almost a Conqueror before I came,
Though sure enough for want of bloud to perish,
Had I not brought you home, which yet indeed,
Was but my duty to helpe a wounded man:
But how *Lysander*, I should stand ingag'd to you
For greater obligations, (though this, I grant,
Be small) I cannot see.
Lys. Tho you should amplifie, as you diminish
What you did for me; yet 'twould neuer equall
The pulling of my heart out of my brest,
For to giue you content.
Duke. I cannot vnderstand your Riddle;
Yet feare it tends to base submission.
Lys. Duke, be not deceiu'd for after the discouery
Of that secret which I will tell you,

Ile giue you an assurance with my sword,
I doe not feare.

Duke. What secret is this?
Lys. I did but now deny that I did loue *Clarinda*,
But now I call the heauens to witnesse
Who must assist me in so iust a quarrell,
That I doe loue her equall with my life;
And now I will maintaine that I deserue
To be better belou'd by her then you.
Duke. Come then, may the truest Louer
Proue the Victor.
Lys. First let me shew you,
How I acquit the obligation I ought[1] you,
Clarinda loues me more then I can her, yet though
She thus loue[2] me, I out of my gratefulnesse to you,
Vsed the best part of my eloquence,
To perswade her to marry you; and is not this
A secret, and a discharging of the debt I ow'd you?
Duke. These eares indeed can witnes thou didst perswade her
To marrie me, but it was to satisfie
Thy owne base ends thy lust and thy ambition,
Not out of thy gratitude to me as thou pretendst.
Lys. My lust; the vestall Virgins that keepe in the holy fire,
Haue not more cold desires then I haue.
Duke. I in her Fathers Garden late last night,
Ouerheard thee tempt that bright Angell
Which my soule adores, to acts of lust;
And with such mouing reasons, that flesh and blood
Could neuer haue resisted, considering
That she lou'd thee; but that there was a power
That gouernes aboue reason, garded her
From thy strong temptation.
Lys. My Lord, that curiosity hath vndone you,
For I doe call the heauens to witnesse,
That what I then spake when I seemed vicious,
Was all dissembled; intending you the fruit
Of that dissimulation; for when I once
Haue made my selfe apeere[3] vnworthy,
I thought that she would then haue turn'd
The streame of her affection vpon you.
Duke. Can this be true?

[1] Equivalent to "I owed you" [2] loves. [3] a Peere.

Sure feare makes him inuent this; no sure,
He cannot bee a Coward.[1] *Lysander*,
Thou hast told me that, if it be true,
Doth render thee a perfect man; but not
A perfect louer: and trust me if there were
A possibility that I could liue without *Clarinda*,
I should be friends with thee; but since she
Is the marke at which we both ayme, the one must
By the bloud of the other, purchase that happines:
And therefore gard your selfe. *They fight.*
Lys. My Lord, the iniustice of your cause,
Not Fortune hath disarm'd you, and therfore yeeld.
Duke. If feare of death could make me
Forget *Clarinda*, weare the Victors prize
Then I perchance might yeeld; but since it cannot,
Make vse of your aduantage.
Lys. I scorne to gaine a victory so poorely,
But to this man that sau'd my life.
Duke. You are a noble enemy, and haue so won
Vpon me by my[2] courtesie, that could you
Quit your interest in *Clarinda*, I should with ioy
Share fortunes with you.
Lys. We lose time; for since we cannot both
Enioy *Clarinda*, both must not liue. *Lysander falls.*
Duke. Fortune, I thank thee!
Now I am euen with you, rise.
Lys. I owe you for my life; we were but quit before;
I would our quarrell were of another nature.
Duke. I would it were; but as it is
One of vs must lye colde vpon this grasse,
Before we part. *Fight. Duke falls.*

Lys. Ah poore *Clarinda*, this is too sad a witnesse
Of thy perfections; would thou wert here yet,
That I might take my last farewell.
Enter Cleonarda and Mariana.
Mari. O deare Madame, what a sad obiect's this!
Cleo. Bee not afraid,
See if the breath haue quite forsaken that body.

[1] An aside. [2] your.

Lys. O my best loue *Clarinda*,
Receiue from my dying lips, a dying kisse.
Cleo. How's this!
Mari. Madame, the breath hath quite forsaken this body,
As I thinke: O my deare Brother!
Cleo. Is it *Lysander* then, whom I haue long'd so much to see?
I saw him not since he came home from trauaile,
And much it grieues me that I see him thus,
This is the second time that I haue seene him:
Besmeard in bloud!
Mari. Deare Brother speake, who hath hurt you?
Lys. Deare Sister,
What blest Angell hath brought you hither?
Cleo. This is no fit time for questions *Mariana*,
Let's helpe him to the Lodge, before his losse of bloud
O'recome his spirits.
Lys. Faire and courteous Lady, pardon me,
My sight did faile through my excessiue bleeding,
Which made me to mistake.
Mari. Brother it is the Princesse.
Lys. O Madame, lead me no further then;
For you will curse your charity if you preserue me.
Cleo. Why Sir?
Lys. Because I haue by this vnlucky hand,
Robd you of such a Kinsman, as our Soueraigne
And your selfe were iustly proud of.
Cleo. Who is that?
Lys. The Duke, who lyes there as you see.
Cleo. It cannot be.
Lys. Madame, it is too true.
Cleo. Alas my Cozen!
Sir, you haue an vnlucky hand indeed;
For you haue this day murdered two:
Iustice will at your hands require his blood.
Mari. O Madame say not so, had you but eu'n now
So great a care to saue his life, and are you now
So cruell to say that he must perish by the hand
Of Iustice, though he should scape these wounds?
Would not the Duke haue kild him if he could?
Ile pawn my life vpon't, my Brother kild him fairly.

Cleo. What shall I doe, if I helpe to preserue him
That kild my Kinsman, it is vnnaturall in me,
And I besides may lose my Brothers good opinion;
And should I be the cause that *Mariana's* brother perish,
I shall lose her for euer; either shee'l dye for griefe,
Or else shee'l hate me. Ile doe as I did first intend,
My conscience tels me it is the nobler course;
Besides, there is something, I know not what it is,
Bids me preserue *Lysander*, the great desire I had
To see him, bred from the generall commendations which
The world bestowes vpon him, imported something.[1]
Mari. Deare Brother, what was your quarrell?
Cleo. Come Sir, be of good comfort, neither your wounds
Nor the cold hand of Iustice, if it be
Within my power to helpe it, shall rob
Your louing Sister of you, shee is by me
So well belou'd.
Mari. I want words to expresse how much I loue
And honour you.
Lys. Madame I would not haue you goe about
To preserue mee with your owne danger,
I meane the Kings displeasure, besides, I feare
Your labour will be fruitlesse; for if the Lodge
Be not hard by, sure I shall bleed to death,
Before we can come thither.
Cleo. It is but hard by.
Lys. Then I may liue to doe you seruice,
Rather let me perish before I trouble you.
Cleo. You are her Brother, and cannot trouble me,
Wee'l lay the body behind yon bush, vntill we
Send for it. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Scoena prima. *Enter Cleonarda and Gerard.*
Cleo. Can you not finde the Dukes body
Say you *Gerard?*
Ger. No where Madame can I finde it,
And yet I haue sought it round about the place
Where you appointed me; I found the bloudy plot
Where it had beene, his horse I found to[2]

[1] An aside. [2] too.

Tied fast to a tree.
Cleo. It is strange, what can become of it, *Gerard?*
Vpon your life keepe secret what you know,
And see that none come neere the Lodge.
I will send you all prouision necessary,
Pretending that *Mariana* is sicke.
Ger. Madame, I feare she will be so indeed,
She doth so apprehend her Brothers danger.
Cleo. She hath no cause, no wounds of his are mortall;
Or if they were, I haue applyed such soueraigne remedies
That they shall cure 'em: but who shall be my Surgeon?
Loue, I must flye to thee I feare for remedy,[1]
I pray thee goe backe, and see that all things be well,
And in the morning bring me word how she[2] hath
Slept to night.
Ger. Madame, there shall bee nothing wanting
That lyeth within my power. *Exit.*
Cleo. How carefull am I
Of his wounds? me thinkes I would not
Haue him dye for all the world: fie *Cleonarda*,
Taken at the first sight with outward beauty,
Nor being assur'd first of the inward worth!
I wrong my selfe, and him: It was
The inward brauery of his mind, which all
The Kingdome doth admire, that turn'd my heart,
Which vntill now hath beene like adamant
To Kings, to melting Ice to him, and not his
Outward beauty, that neuer could haue found
A passage to my heart, but that the way
Was chalked out to it by his Fame: but stay,
Whither doe my vaine imaginations carry me?
Though *Lysander* could in worth equall the Gods,
Yet it were not fit for me to loue him as a husband;
He is my Brothers Subiect, shall he be my Master?
No. To my old sports agen: to morrow
I will bee vp by breake of day,
And Reason (as I chase the Stagge)
Shall chase these thoughts away. *Exit.*

[1] An aside. [2] Both editions have "she;" probably a mistake for "he."

Enter King, Bernardo, Iacomo, Attendants.

King. When rode your Lord abroad?

Ber. Early this morning.

King. How chances[1] you then did not sooner
Bring me this Letter?

Ber. I was commanded otherwayes by him.

King reads.

Royall Sir, adde to the number of your many fauors, the performance of this my last request:

What doth hee meane by this?

I pray you see Clarinda (*who is my wife*) *possest of what was mine, and withall, pardon him that kils mee; for I will compell him to fight.* How's this? *Begin not after my death to deny me that which is iust, since in my life time you neuer did. See the will of the dead effected, as you desire to haue your Testament perform'd after your death, which I pray the Gods that it may be, yet after*[2] *a long life.*

G

O what a Character is here deliuer'd of a pure mind,
Which only seems to shew the greatnes of my losse
The plainer, his death is not yet certaine,
Let me not like a woman spend that time
In fruitlesse lamentations which may perchance
Afford a remedy, but now it is night:
What shall I do? call all the Court, and let them all
Disperse themselues, each man a seuerall way;
He that brings word the Duke is aliue,
Shall haue a thousand pounds: he is gone to fight
A Combat with whom I know not; but he that
Apprehends the man that kild him, shal haue his land.
Is there none here that knowes of any falling out
Betweene him and some other Lord? speake,
Is there none can tell me?

Iaco. And if it please your Maiestie, I thinke
I haue a guesse.

King. Speake then.

Iaco. If he bee gone to fight, it is with
Young *Lysander*.

[1] chance. [2] "after" is supplied from second edition.

King. Let one goe looke for *Lysander* presently.
What grudge was betwixt them? or fell they lately out?

Iaco. I will tell your Maiestie in priuate. I am a seruant to the Count *Utrante*, and was imploy'd by that most noble Duke, (whom I doe feare sleepes now in death) for to solicite his true loue to my young Lady, which I did faithfully performe: but I found all I did was vaine, for shee long time hath beene in loue with young *Lysander*, which when I knew, I gaue the Duke straight notice; this hath so farre incenst the Duke against *Lysander*, that they are gone to fight.

King. This that thou hast told is cerraine[1] true,
Else she would neuer haue deny'd to haue married
With the Duke, and for thy loue and faithfull seruice to him,
Which I beleeue is now no more; (for else by this time,
He would haue return'd) I will requite thee.

Iaco. He was the noblest Gentleman
That I shall euer know. *He weepes.*

King. Alas goodman, he weepes.
He that can bring me word the Duke is aliue,
Redeemes his King from misery. *Exeunt. Manet Iacomo.*

Iaco. I hope he neuer shall come backe aliue, he knowes I am a villaine, I was too forward in my offers to him, til I had tried his dispositions better. It is kindly done of him and of *Lysander* yet to spare my paines: there now wants nothing of my wish but that the Duke be kild, and I to find out where *Lysander* is, then I shall be reueng'd vpon them both, and be possest of that which is my due, (*Lysanders* land) for so the King hath promis'd. My way to find *Lysander* if he hath kild the Duke, is for to giue *Clarinda* a firme beleefe that I doe dearly loue him; for sure if he be liuing, she shall heare of him, and if I finde him, I haue another villanie in my head, which I will put in act, besides my giuing notice of him to the King.
My villany shall Vertue be in show,
For all shall thinke me honest *Iacomo. Exit.*

Enter Clarinda with a Letter.

Clar. reades. *I feare the Duke hath notice of our loues; for he hath sent to me to meete him armed, I feare it is to fight, if it be so, and I suruiue the Combate, I will send you word where I abide, if I be kild, I doe coniure you by your vertues, not to bee ungratefull*

[1] certainly.

unto the Duke, who you see doth not desire to liue, without he may enioy you for his wife.
No my *Lysander*, in that houre when I shall heare
That thy faire soule is parted from thy body,
I will quickly follow thee.

Enter Seruant.

Seru. Madame, the King is at the gate, and in a rage
Threatens your Fathers death and yours, they say *Lysander*
Hath kild the Duke.

Clar. I fear'd as much,
This comes of my dissembling.

Enter King, Utrante, and Attendants.

Utran. Why is your Maiestie offended with your Vassall,
Who as yet neuer so much as in a thought offended you?

King. Where is that Inchantresse, which you call *Clarinda?*

Clar. Here Sir, is the vnhappy obiect of your anger.

King. I am amaz'd, I neuer till now saw true beauty.
Why kneele you Lady?

Clar. It is my duty Sir, you are my Soueraigne.

King. Rise faire Creature;[1] came I to chide, and doe I kisse?
This is the force of Beauty; who liues
That can be offended with so sweet a Creature?
I cannot now blame the Duke, for valuing
Her so much. I would she were the Daughter
Of some neighbouring King, that I without
Disparagement might loue her: but I forget
My selfe, these are poore humble thoughts,
And farre beneath the Maiestie of a King.
Lady, I came to chide, I feare you are the cause
That I haue lost a Kinsman, a worthy one
In all the worlds opinion, excepting yours.

Clar. Sir, pardon me you were your selfe the cause
By your excessiue loue to him; for that made me
Dissemble my affections to *Lysander*,
Fearing to draw[2] your frownes vpon my Father,
Should I haue shew'd neglect vnto the Duke.

King. Who euer was the cause, you shall not feele

[1] Corrected from "Creatue". [2] Corrected from "daw".

The punishment; the Duke did truly loue you,
Lady, which you shall see here in this Letter
Apparantly, may you see your error,
And grieue to death for your past folly,
In refusing the quintessence of Mankinde:
Read it not now, you shall haue time to grieue in,
He shewes there in his Letter, that you are his wife,
That by that meanes I might be drawne the sooner,
To performe his will, which is, that you should
Be possest of that which was his, and so you shall
If hee be dead.

Clar. Sir, I doe vtterly refuse it, all that I desire,
Is that your Maiestie will giue me leaue
To depart, my griefes doe so oppresse me,
That I am sicke at heart.

King. When you please Lady. *Exit Clarinda.*
My Lord how chanc'd it that you neuer told me
That your Daughter lou'd *Lysander?*

Utran. Sir, let me perish if I knew it,
I am amaz'd to heare it now. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lysander and Mariana.

Lys. But Sister, can you thinke it possible,
The Princesse should thus loue me?

Mari. Brother, I know you see it your selfe,
Though you will not take notice of it.

Lys. Belieue me *Mariana*, it doth grieue me much
So great a Princesse should bee so vnhappy
To loue a man whose heart is not his owne;
For he that had a heart at his disposing
Could not denie to giue it her.

Mari. When she shal know you haue another Mistris,
She will call backe her iudgement, and quickly
Free her selfe: but Brother, I doe feare
You loue her too; you looke and speake to her
With more affection then well becomes your faith,
Being promis'd to *Clarinda.*

Lys. What would you haue me to doe?
Shall I not backe returne those courteous lookes,
That she the sauer of my life bestowes vpon me?
One knocks without.

Mari. Ile see who it is. *Exit.*

Enter Cleonarda.

Cleo. How hath your brother slept to night?

Mari. Exceeding well Madame;

Brother, here is the Princesse.
Cleo. *Lysander*, how doth[1] your wounds?
Is your paine lessend? *Lys.* Madame, I haue no paine[2]
But that I feare I neuer shall be able to requite
This vndeserued fauor.
Cleo. Let not that trouble you; it is to me
You owe the debt, and I will find some way
To pay my selfe, that shall not make you poorer.
Lys. What shall I say, each vertuous deed
Rewards it selfe, and that's the coyne with which
You must be paid, or else you will be a loser.
Cleo. Tell me *Lysander*, and tell me truely,
Haue you a Master?[3]
Lys. I dare not lye Madame.
I haue one that loues me equally.
Cleo. *Lysander*, she hath reason, were I your Mistris,
I thinke I should loue you better then my selfe:
But tell me *Lysander*, what was the quarrell,
Betwixt the Duke and you?
Lys. Madame, I cannot tell you without discouering
That which I would gladly keepe conceald;
Yet why I should deny you the knowledge of any
Secret my heart holds, I cannot see, except I should
Be most vngratefull, you being the only cause
That I haue now a heart to keepe a secret in.
Cleo. What was it, speake; I long, yet feare to know it.
Lys. The Duke and I were riuals.
Clarinda was the marke at which both aym'd.
Cleo. Which of you loued she best?
Lys. Madame, she loued me best.
Wee being brought vp together,
Which was her great misfortune;

[1] do. [2] "*Lys.* . . . . paine" is a separate line in second edition.
[3] Mistris

For had she knowne the Duke before me,
Her iudgement would haue taught her
To loue the worthier,
And one indeed that loued her better,
At least with greater passion.
Cleo. But did not halfe so wel deserue to be lou'd
By her as you, since hee did goe about
To force loue, or at the least to take from her
The loued, that which she most delighted in, her seruant.
Lys. Having once remou'd me, he hoped she
Would accept of him, who would haue made
A worthier seruant farre, since he had power
To raise her to that glorious height of fortune,
Which well would haue become her merits:
But on the other side, he knew the meanes[1]
Of my Fortune must needs obscure and darken
Her perfections, so that he out of loue
To her rather then to himselfe, desir'd
To make her his.
Cleo. He could not chuse but know that if he kild
The man belou'd by her she needs must hate him,
If she were worthily constant; if not,
Then he with danger of his life had purchas'd
Her too dearly; for I should still belieue,
If once she changd, she alwayes would become
The victors Prize.
Lys. Madame, there was some vnlucky mistaking
Betwixt vs, or else we had not fought.
Cleo. Would it had pleas'd heauen you had not fought
Or that the Duke had scaped with life; but since
Your quarrell was not to be reconcild, though I
Doe blush to say so, I am glad t'was he that perisht,
For I haue euer wisht you well;
I would not haue you thinke I am now in loue
With you; yet by my life I cannot say, but I may be
Hereafter, tho I know you haue a Mistris,
Whose perfections darken mine, giue me those
Things to dresse his wounds with.
Lys. The[2] wounds sure were giuen to me to make me happie,

[1] meaness. [2] These

In being toucht by your soft hands, my wounds
Can neuer heale, my prayers are against it;
Because being well I cannot haue this blessing.
Cleo. What a strange alteration doe I feele now!
When I touch you, a certaine coldnesse seizeth
On my heart, and all my blood flies to my face:
Sure I do loue you; I ne're yet knew what it was
For to dissemble; if I loue I say so.
And if I hate, I keepe it not conceald,
I will not giue a thought that is base
A harbor in my brest; what need I then
Conceale my heart? the praise *Lysander*
Which was bestow'd vpon thee had bred in me
A great desire to be my owne assurance,
Whether thou wert the master of so many
Excellencies, as fame bestow'd vpon thee.
And now that I do find they rather doe
Come short, then any whit out-goe thy merit,
Wonder not that I, though a Princesse, am in loue
With thee, for I haue still profest to loue the
Richest minde, which is in thee compleat,
With the addition of a comly Personage.
Lys. I hope your Grace doth not mocke me.
Cleo. No by my life, I take delight
In looking vpon you.
Lys. I cannot thinke you are in earnest, yet I will
Answere you, as if you were; should you loue me
Thinke you, or[1] would you wish that I should breake
My forepast vowes vnto *Clarinda*.
Cleo. No, it must be for your worth if I do loue you,
And when you proue vnconstant, you are
No longer worthy.
Lys. If I be constant,
What fruit can you receiue from your affection?
A barren Loue will ill become
So great a Princesse
Cleo. Be you still constant, loue your *Clarinda* stil;
For when you cease to be so, I shall hate you;
Only respect me as a Sister: for when my reason

[1] "or" is unnecessary.

Shall haue leaue to combate against my passion,
It will conuert it to a Sisterly affection.
Lys. Madame, I know
In that you say you loue me, you doe it only
For to make a tryall how strongly I am arm'd
By my *Clarinda's* merits against inconstancie;
And I confesse, if it were possible
To vndermine my faith, and blow my former
Promises into the ayre, your pleasing speech,
And those,[1] yet maiesticke glances
Of your eyes, were the only Instruments that yet
I euer saw to doe it.
Cleo. But speake you as you thinke *Lysander?*
Lys. Else may I perish; but mistake me not;
For though I could belieue your beauty
And merit to be aboue *Clarinda's;*
Which is vnpossible, either that it should be,
Or that I should belieue it; yet where my word
Is once past, though all the tortures mans wit
Can inuent should at one instant inuiron me
To torture the mind and body, yet
I would not breake my faith.
Cleo. May I be miserable if ere I perswade you to't;
Yet I could wish that you did loue me,
And with a little passion; but doe not make shew
Of more then you doe truely feele, thinking
To please me; for if I find it I shall be angry,
I will not hide a thought from you.
Mari. But Madame, is it possible that
You should loue him thus?
Cleo. I scorne for to dissemble; for who stand
I in feare of? were the King my Brother here,
Sure I should not deny that I loued *Lysander.*

Mari. Madame, I rather wish
My Brother neuer had beene borne
Then that the King should know you loue him,
Nay, I hope you know it not your selfe:

[1] Some word, such as "sweet", seems to be omitted.

Shall I belieue that your great heart, that euer
Yet contemn'd loue, can on a sodaine in foure
Or fiue daies knowledge, be struck by my vnworthy
Brothers slender merits, and one that must
Be periur'd too, if he should loue you.
Cleo. *Mariana*, take heed how you doe pursue
This Subiect; for if you doe, I should begin
To hate you, are you not asham'd to contradict
Your selfe? How oft hath your owne tongue
Giuen him the highest attributes of worth?
Nay, you haue beene so lauish of his praises,
That I haue check'd you for it though I beliu'd
Them to bee true, because it comes
Somthing too neere the praising of our selues,
To praise a Brother, I am my selfe a witnesse
Of his valour and his wit, and those are sure
The maine supporters to all other vertues,
Blush not *Lysander* to heare thine owne iust praises,
Except it be that I doe sully them in the deliuery,
Thou gau'st too sad a witnesse of thy valour
In ouercomming him, which through this
Kingdome was esteemd the brauest man.
Lys. Madam, a brauer man by farre then he
Vnder whose sword he fell; Fortune that did enuy
His worth, because his mind was fortified
Aboue her reach, applyed her selfe that day
Vnto the ruine of his body; and then though
Neuer before nor[1] since fought on my side.
Cleo. When next I come,
I will intreat you to[2] tell me euery particular
Accident through the whole Combate.
Lys. Most willingly, for I by that Relation,
Shall make apparant the difference betwixt
His worth and mine. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Utrante, and Attendants.

King. So many dayes o'repast, and yet no newes
Of my deare Cozen, whether he be aliue or dead!
Utran. Sir, there is a Hermite,
Which hath brought sad newes.

[1] or. [2] "to" supplied from second edition.

King. What? of his death, or that he's deadly hurt?
Utran. Sir, to your Maiesty he only will relate
That which he hath to say, and yet by the sadnesse
Of his countenance, know his newes is ill.
King. Call him in,
Whilst with patience I fore-arme my selfe;
Enter Hermite.
Speake Father, is the Duke dead? what sad newes
Is this[1] you bring? giue me my torment in a word.
Her. Your feares are true indeed, the Duke
Is dead.
King. How doe you know?
Her. Your Maiesty shall heare.
As I was gathering Rootes within the Forrest,
The best part of my foode, casting my eye aside,
I saw a man lie weltring in his gore,
Straight I was strucken with a sodaine feare;
But Charitie preuailing aboue feare,
I stept to see, if yet the soule had left
That comely Mansion, for so indeed it was;
Finding some sparks of life remaining, I tooke
A cordiall water which I euer carry with me,
And by the help of that I brought him to his senses,
So that he was able to deliuer these few words.
Death[2] I embrace thee willingly, thou being
A farre lesse torment, then for to liue
And know *Clarinda* loues another better.
May she enioy *Lysander*, whom now I doe

Beleeue is worthy of her: for I that
Most vniustly went about to crosse it,
Must pay my life downe for my error;
Lysander, I forgiue thee my death, and so
I hope the King,[3]—and with that word the King,
He sunke betweene my armes, and neuer
Spoke word.[4]
King. O what a man was this! what marble heart

[1] *Is* ends l. 1742, *This* begins l. 1743.
[2] Quotation begins here.
[3] Quotation ends here.
[4] word more.

That would not melt it selfe in teares to heare
This sad relation? but what became of the body?
Her. There Sir begins occasion of new griefe,
Whilst I did vainly striue to call backe life,
Three barbarous theeues seeking some booty,
Came by chance that way, and seeing his garments
Rich, they went about to strip him; but hearing
Of some noyse within the wood, one of them
Did aduise to carry him to their boat, which lay
Hard by within a Creeke. I went about
To hinder them, and for my paines they did compel
Me to carry the body vpon my shoulders,
Threatning to kill me if I did refuse;
But not content with this, they made me row
Them downe the streame, three dayes together,
Vntill they came vnto their fellow Pirates.
King. What did they with the body?
Her. Threw it ouerbord, when they had
Rifled it first.
King. How chance you came no sooner to tell
This newes, though yet too soone, they are so ill?
Utran. I see the King did dearly loue him,
He weepes.
Her. Sir, the current of the water bare vs farther
In three dayes, then I was able to returne in ten.
King Giue the poore Hermite something,
Though his newes deserue it not,
Yet his sufferings doth:
It is an addition to my griefe, that when I parted
With him last, I seem'd to be offended with him
For his dotage on *Clarinda*, which he hath
Dearely paid for; and yet I cannot blame him,
For she is the fairest creature that yet I euer saw.
Enter Cleonarda.
O Sister, we haue lost our dearest Kinsman,
And that which ads vnto my griefe, is, that I cannot
Be reueng'd on him that kild him.
Cleo. Are you certaine Sir that he is dead, or
Who it was that kild him?
King Too certaine of them both,

It was *Lysander* that kild him,
Whom if I euer get within my power,
The sharpest kinde of death that iustice can inflict
Vpon him, he shall feele.
Cleo. Say you so brother, hee shall
Not come within your power if I can helpe it then;[1]
But royall brother, if the Duke had kild *Lysander*,
I know you would haue pardoned him.
King. Sister I think I should.
Cleo. With what Iustice then can you pursue
Lysanders life, who as the Duke himselfe
Informes you in his Letter, sought
Onely to maintaine what was his owne;
But on the other side, the Duke like an vsurper
Without any title would haue taken from him
That which he valew'd farre aboue his life,
His Loue.
King. It is not I
That pursues *Lysanders* life, but Iustice;
The Law condemnes him to dye,
Had it beene but a priuate man, much more
Being so neare a kin to me.
Cleo. There is no Law but doth allow vs to defend
Our selues, *Lysander* did no more; for who can denie

He was compeld? honor compeld him,
The Duke compeld him, and loue (which cannot be
By noble minds resisted,) did aboue all compel him,
Then all the fault *Lysander* did commit in my
Opinion, is that hee was too slow, needing
Compulsion in so iust a cause, and therefore Sir
If you should apprehend *Lysander*, though by
The letter of the Law his life is forfeit;
Yet remember that mercy is the greatest atribute
Belonging to those powrs, whose substitute you are.[2]
King. Sister, you often haue had occasion
To shew your Charity, in being a Suiter to mee
For the liues of those that had offended;
Yet vntill now you neuer beg'd my mercy vnto any.

[1] An aside. [2] See Notes, p. 164.

Cleo. Sir, you neuer had occasion giuen you
Till now to whet the sword of Iustice by your owne
Particular reuenge, that it might cut the deeper,
And being not intressed,[1] your mercy of it selfe
Did blunt the edge, and needed not my intercession.
King. I do coniure you by my loue,
To speake no more of this vnpleasing subiect;
For if I get *Lysander* once within my power,
I will sacrifice his heart-bloud to the Ghost
Of my deceased Cozen.
Enter Clarinda.
Vtran. You know it is bootlesse,
The King is so incenst, in begging mercy
For *Lysander*, you may proue cruell to your selfe,
And vnto me your Father.
Clar. O Sir, how ill you doe requite *Lysander*,
His loue to you was the onely cause
That puld these miseries vpon him;
For had not he so dearly tendered you,
Fearing to draw on you the Kings displeasure,
We had long since bin married, then this vnlucky
Combat had not bin, nor I had need of that
Which now I am to beg: Mercy, great Sir.
King. Why, know you where *Lysander* is?
Clar. O no, but I doe feare he cannot escape
Your hands.
King. Why Lady,
Can you hope that if hee were taken
I would pardon him: hath he not kild the man
That in the world was nearest to my heart?
I cannot grant this; rise, and by mine honor
Aske or command what is within my power
(But this) and it shall be perform'd.
Clar. Sir, all the suite
Ile make, since this cannot be granted, is
That in the selfe same houre that my *Lysander*
Is to suffer; I who haue beene the fountaine
From whence these bloudy streames haue issu'd,
May be permitted to shew *Lysander* the darke

[1] interessed.

Yet pleasing way to the Elizian Fields;
For though we could not here, yet there we shall
Enioy each other.
Cleo. *Lysander*, shouldst thou proue false to her,
Though I my selfe were cause of thy inconstancie;
Yet I should hate thee.
King. I hope you will better consider
Of the general losse the world shall sustaine,
In losing such a Iewell as your selfe:
Sister, I will leaue you to aduise her better,
And pray you vse her with your best respect,
Her worth and beauty doth[1] deserue it;
My Lord *Vtrante*, haue you in your daughters name
Taken possession of all that was the Dukes,
As I commanded?
Utran. My Lord, I haue the full possession;
But she doth vtterly refuse them.
King. I know my Sister will aduise
Her better. *Exeunt. Manet Clarinda and Cleonarda.*
Clar. The Princesse is the fairest Creature
That yet mine eyes euer beheld, why does she looke
So stedfastly vpon me? Gracious Madame,
What see you in this worthlesse frame,
That so attracts your eyes.
Cleo. I see *Clarinda*,
In each particular of the whole frame,
Which thou term'st worthlesse, an excesse of beauty,
Which in another Lady might breed enuy;
But but my life I take delight to looke on thee.
Clar. And Madame, may I perish,
If ere mine eyes yet met an obiect, wherein
I tooke halfe that delight that I doe now
In looking vpon you; were I a man,
And could frame to my selfe a Mistris by my wishes
Hauing the wide world to choose in, for each
Particular to make vp the whole, I should beleeue
It were a fruitlesse labour, if I went farther
Then your selfe thus fram'd.

[1] both.

Cleo. *Clarinda*, as I am Sister to a King,
I see I must partake of their misfortunes,
Which is to be grossly flatter'd: but it may be
You giue me this faire language by instinct;
For I haue[1] pleasing newes to tell you,
If that you had come to Court. I thought
To haue sent for you, which vnto you
I know appeares most strange, for till this houre
I neuer had the happinesse to see you.
Clar. Madame, it does indeed.
Cleo. It will appeare more strange,
When you shall know the cause for which
I would haue sent for you.
Clar. Deare Lady, what is it for?
Cleo. I would haue sent for you,
To know what you would haue giuen willingly,
To one that would vndertake to saue *Lysanders* life.
Clar. I cannot name you a particular,
But all that I haue, or can giue.
Cleo. I meane not goods or money,
But could you bee content if it were
A woman that could doe this,
To quit your interest in *Lysander*,
And giue him leaue to marry her?
Clar. If it should come to that, I know
I sooner should be willing,
Then I should draw him to giue his consent.
Cleo. It is nearer it then you belieue,
I know a Lady that hath sau'd his life already.
Clar. How, beg'd his pardon of the King!
And vpon those conditions hath he giuen consent?
Cleo. He hath not yet; but when he knowes
Youre mind, I thinke he will.
Clar. Is she a hansome Lady, and well borne?
Cleo. Not uery hansome; but her birth is great,
In both she equals me, and in affection to
Lysander, you.
Clar. Madame I doe beseech you
Leaue this too harsh discourse: for it hardly

[1] had.

Can be true, since there is no Lady
In this Kingdome, that euer I saw
That equals you in beauty, yet
The imagination that it may be so,
Doth from mine eyes draw teares, and chases
From my heart the vsual heate.
Cleo. Weepe not *Clarinda*, I cannot hold thee
Longer in suspence. I am the Lady that I meane,
And therefore chase away thy feare.
Clar. I neuer saw true cause of feare till now,
The tale you told appeares much likelier truth,
Now, that you are the Lady, then it did before;
For you haue in you that full excellency,
That would make Gods forsweare themselues,

I

If they had made an oath, should you propose
Your selfe as the reward of that their periury:
Shall I belieue then that *Lysanders* frailtie
Can resist such an assault, if you be resolu'd?
Besides, what Lady hath the power to beg
Lysanders life, at your incensed brothers hands;
But onely you that are his Sister:
Goe poore forsaken maide, and melt thy selfe
Away in teares, and doe not liue to be an eye-sore
To this noble Lady, nor to vpraid *Lysander*
With his falshood.
Cleo. Stay sweet *Clarinda*,
And for as many teares as I haue made thee shed
From those faire eyes, so oft Ile kisse the Crystall
Fountaines from whence they flowed; belieue me,
Dearest maide, though I doe loue *Lysander*,
Yet I would not wrong thee for a world,
Of which to giue the[1] more assurance,
Thou shalt see and speake with thy *Lysander*,
For thou art onely worthy of him;
He is now at *Gerards* Lodge within the Forrest,
None knowes of it but *Gerard*, and his owne Sister
Mariana: how I brought him thither wounded,

[1] thee.

Ile take another time to tell you: when you would
See him you must goe disguis'd: farewell *Clarinda*,
Be confident I loue you dearly I will stay
No longer lest it should breed suspition. *Exit.*
Clar. Madame, your humble seruant.
How strange a tale is this! yet sure it's true,
Why should the Princesse say so else?
But can it be the Princesse loues *Lysander*?
Can it be otherwise, if she doe know him?
If it be true, sure *Lysander* will not neglect
So great a blessing: hence Iealousie! the canker
Of true loue, that dost in time consume that
Which did giue thee beeing; why should I wrong
Lysander, to mistrust his faith, till I haue
Better cause? I must to him, and in disguise,
Which how to get my selfe I know not, *Enter Iacomo.*
I must trust some body, and who so fit
As honest *Iacomo*, who I know loues *Lysander*.
Come hither honest *Iacomo*. *Iaco.* Madame.
Clar. I know thou lou'st me,
And wilt doe any thing that I command thee.
Iaco. Madame, I hope you make no doubt of it.
Clar. No thou shalt see I doe not doubt;
For I will make thee priuie to a secret,
That torture should not draw from me.
Iaco. If it be that that I suspect, torture shall
Hardly make me to conceale it.[1]
Clar. What saist thou *Iacomo?*
Iaco. Madame, I say although I should be rackt,
Yet what you tell me shall be still conceald.
Clar. I know it should; come trusty *Iacomo*,
Ile tell thee all the Story as wee goe. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scoena prima.
Enter Clarinda in disguise, Iacomo.

Clar. How am I bound to thee for this disguise,
I thinke my Father if I had met him
Could not haue knowne me, how farre is it
Yet to the Lodge?

[1] An aside.

Iaco. It is not aboue a Mile; but you are sure
He is there?
Clar. I would not else haue come so far a foote
Nor put on this disguise.
Iaco. Madame, if you be weary, here is a faire
Coole shade, where you may rest your selfe a while.
Clar. Though I be faint and weary;

I 2

Yet I will not stay, the great desire I haue
To see *Lysander*, doth support my weaknesse.
Iaco. But Madame, I am weary, and I haue
No such strong desire as loue to carry me.
Clar. For shame say not so, can you being a man
And vs'd to walke, be weary in so short a iourney?
Iaco. Madame, you must refresh me with a kisse,
I cannot walke else.
Clar. How *Iacomo!*
Iaco. Why, doth not the paines that I haue taken
Deserue a greater recompence then that?
Clar. I doe confesse
The paines that thou hast taken, and
I intend thee a reward equall to it,
But it amazes me to heare thee aske,
That which would trouble me to giue;
And yet to thee that shoul'st receiue it,
Doe no good at all.
Iaco. If it will trouble you to giue it, then let
Me take a kisse.
Clar. How strangely art thou transported,
With a fond desire!
Iaco. You will not kisse me then?
Clar. I prethee be not angry *Iacomo*,
Ile giue thee that which is better;
Here take this Iewell; yet let me tell thee,
The Duke would not thus boldly haue demanded
What thou didst aske.
Iaco. He was a foole then,
And did not know his owne aduantage,
Which you shall find I doe, you that

Denyed me now a kisse, shall giue me that
Which you perchance the first night
Would haue denyed your husband.

Clar. I do not like this,[1] whats that honest *Iacomo?*

Iaco. Your Maidenhead.

Clar. How! I know thou dost but speake this
For to excuse thy selfe from going; sit still,
Ile find the way my selfe.

Iaco. Are you so crafty, stay and heare me.

Clar. What sayst thou honest *Iacomo?*

Iaco. Not too honest neither, I know you are wise, and therefore Ile vse no perswasions else, but onely letting of you see the danger.

Clar. O, I feare this villaine.[2]

Iaco. *Lysander* you told me was at the Lodge, and there the King shall find him, except you will redeeme him from that danger by the losse of your Virginity; I know you would bee well content to kisse me now, but now it will not serue.

Clar. Will honest *Iacomo* then proue a villaine?

Iaco. Who would not proue a villain for so sweet a recompence: How I doe glory in this purchase of my wit, the Duke striuing to gaine the happinesse, I shall haue offer'd me, paid downe his life fort; besides, he went about the ceremoniall way of Marriage; but I shall meet my happinesse a neerer way, which will be an addition to the pleasure. Come, are you resolu'd?

Clar. Why villaine, dost thou prize *Lysanders* life
Aboue mine honor?

Iaco. If for a word, for honor is no more,
You can indure to see *Lysander* suffer cruell death,[3]
It seemes you loue him little, doe as you will;
Make hast vnto the Lodge, you know the way well
The King may chance be there before you,
As I will handle the businesse.

Clar. Stay *Iacomo*, canst thou be such a villaine
As thou dost seeme; I doe not thinke
Thou art in earnest.

Iaco. All torments that man did euer feele,
Light vpon me, if I doe not performe
What I say.

[1] An aside. [2] An aside. [3] a cruell death.

Clar. Then may they all light on thee;
For thou deseru'st them all.
Iaco. Stay Lady.

I 3

Clar. Dost thou relent?
I knew thou didst it but to trye mee.
Iaco. It is true indeed, I did so.
Clar. I thought thou still wert honest.
Iaco. Be not deceiu'd: I tried indeed if you would giue consent, because the pleasure would haue beene the greater so; but since I haue you once agen within my power, I will inioy you whether you will or no.
Clar. Canst thou beleeue the heauens that haue the power
To strike thee dead, will suffer such a wicked Act?
Iaco. It is in vaine to striue or crye,
There is none to helpe you.
Clar. If the feare of Heauen
Cannot deterre thee from this villanie;
Yet tremble at the punishments my Father
And *Lysander* will inflict vpon thee;
For doe not thinke there's any place that's so remote,
But they will find thee out.
Iaco. Tush, they shall still belieue mee to be
Honest *Iacomo;*
Yet I will let the King know where *Lysander* is.
Clar. Why villaine, dost thou thinke I will not
Discouer thee?
Iaco. Yes, I doe know you would; but I will take a course with your Ladiship for telling, when I haue done with you.
Clar. I know thou wilt not be so mercifull[1] to kill me.
Iaco. Yes, feare it not, rather then I will be hang'd for a short minutes pleasure.
Clar. Then kill me first, before thou dost dishonour me.
Iaco. It may bee you'l bee of another mind anon, and wish to liue. The trees stand here too thin, Ile carry you into a thicker place.
Clar. Helpe, Murder: is there no power that will transforme me to a tree, and saue my honor?

[1] unmercifull.

Iaco. Yes, Ile transform you, you may beare fruit too, if you will be willing. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke disguis'd.

Duke. How happy are those men that lead a Country life,
And in the nature of each seuerall creature,
View the great God of Natures power, who can finde
Nothing in the whole frame, but either for the composition
Or the existence, is worth our admiration![1]

Within Clarinda.

Murder, helpe, helpe, Murder!

Duke. It was a womans voyce sure. *Exit.*

Enter Iacomo.

Iaco. Slaue that I was, that did not stop her mouth, as well as bind her hands; it was well the bushes were so thicke; for had he once got sight of me, he would haue coold my heate: since I haue mist this pleasure, my reuenge shall be the greater; Ile to the King and tell him what I know concerning *Lysander*, which will ingraft me in his fauor, and for *Clarinda's* accusall, let mee alone. *Exit.*

Enter Duke and Clarinda.

Duke. Tell me prety Boy, why did the villaine bind thee?
I thought thou hadst beene a woman, when I heard thee cry:
How pale thou lookst of a sodaine; be not afraid,
He dare not come againe to hurt thee.

Clar. My hard harted Master I feare will come agen.

Duke. He had a hard heart indeed, that could hurt thee:
It is the pretiest boy that yet I ere did see,
And yet me thinkes I haue seene a face like this before:
Where wert thou borne sweet child?

Clar. Sir, I was borne in Naples.

Duke. Sure I haue seene a face like thine,
Why dost thou blush?

Clar. Where Sir, doe you thinke you haue seene
A face like mine?

Duke. Not in this Countrey, for I am here a stranger.

Clar. Then Sir,
You doe not know the way to *Gerards* Lodge.

Duke. Wouldst thou goe thither?
I thinke I doe.

[1] See Notes, p. 164.

Clar. Yes Sir, if I did know the way.
Duke. Ile bring thee thither if I can.
Clar. Sir, I doe owe you much,
And haue no other payment but my thankes:
But might I be so happie as to meet you
In the City, I haue some friends that would
Perchance doe you some pleasure.
Duke. If thou wilt stay with me here in the Forrest,
At a litttle house where I doe lie, to morrow
I will bring thee to the City.
Clar. You are the most
Courteous man that ere I met with:
I am so weary that it is not possible
For me to reach the City, and at the Lodge
Lysander must not stay, nor must I flye
With him; I am not yet prouided of money
For our flight. Foole that I was to trust
That villaine *Iacomo*, alas, I did not know
Him then to be a villaine.[1] Sir, if you'l bring
Me to the Lodge, I will onely speake one word
With one that is there, and go along with you.
Duke. Come then.
Clar. He takes me for a Boy, and so long
There's no danger[2]. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleonarda drest like a Nymph, Huntsmen.

Cleo. Lay on the Hounds where the young Deere went in,
These old fat Deere make no sport at all.
Hunts. If it please your Grace he is not a Stag.
Cleo. No matter Sir,
I am the Mistris of the field this day,
My Brother not being here, and I will
Haue it so: the sorer that the Chase is
My being absent will the lesse be markt. *Hornes.*

Enter Mariana and Lysander.

Mari. Brother, me thinkes now your wounds being well,
It were good to quit this Countrey for a while:
For it is impossible but by some meanes or other,
If you stay heare, you will be discouered.
Lys. Sister, it is my intent; but I without

[1] From "I am so weary" is an aside [2] An aside.

The Princesse leaue, who hath preseru'd my life,
Will certainly resolue of nothing.
Mari. The time hath beene, that you without
Clarinda's leaue would haue done nothing.
Lys. And is so still,
For may I perish when I proue false
To my *Clarinda;* yet should I say I doe not
Loue the Princesse, and with some passion too,
I should but lye. See where she comes.
Enter Cleonarda and Gerard
And with the splendor of her heauenly eyes
Amazeth my weake senses; not *Dian's*[1] selfe
Lookt halfe so louely when she woo'd
The pale-fac'd Boy *Endymion;*
Nor *Pallas* when she stood Competitor
With the two Goddesses to gaine the golden apple,
Appear'd with halfe that Maiestie
That she doth thus attir'd: hold faith,
Thou neuer wert in such a danger.
Cleo. Lysander, I am glad to see you thus
Recouer'd: I glory in my cure.
Lys. Madame, I am so well,
That I desire your license to depart.
There's danger surely in my being here
Both to your selfe and me.
Cleo. Lysander, I know you doe but ieste,
For should I giue you leaue, I know
You would not goe.
Lys. Madam, it's best we part, should I stay here
And dayly looke vpon those Sun-bright eyes,

And heare your charming tongue, my faith I feare
Would proue like wax and melt, *Clarinda's* picture
Would be soone defac'd, and I should then deserue
The hate of all the world.
Cleo. Lysander, do not feare it. You shall this day
See faire *Clarinda,* whose merits will arme you
Too strongly to misdoubt a change.

[1] *Diana's.*

Lys. Did your Grace see her then?
Cleo. Yes *Lysander*, I saw *Clarinda*,
Whose perfections haue compeld the heauens,
In Iustice, to giue her the most deseruing man aliue
To be her seruant.
Lys. Madame, its true,
She hath indeed the most deseruing man
That then did liue, the Duke, giuen to her
For a seruant: but when the heauens saw
That she did refuse him whom they knew
Was onely worthy of her, they left her then
To her vnhappie choice, in me, in which
She cannot faile to be miserable,
And that they might torment her with
The knowledge of her error, they tooke from
The earth vnto themselues whom she refused,
Making him equall vnto one of them.
Cleo. *Lysander*,
I wil giue you leaue to praise the Duke,
Because it still tends to your greater praise,
Since you did ouercome him both by your valor
And your other merits: for faire *Clarinda*
Whose iudgement is compleat, esteem'd you
For the worthier, *Lysander* neuer was there man
So blest as you are in a Master,[1] for it is
As impossible to equall her in loue,
As in perfection; for though she know that her
Perfections farre transcendeth[2] mine, yet her
Excesse of loue did make her iealous,
When as I told her I had sau'd your life,
And how. But I to shew her that I loued
You only as a brother, did tell her where
You were, and much I wonder that she
Is not come.
Lys. It may be she doth wisely feare that there
Are some that watch each step she maketh,
Hoping by that to find mee out; for now
It is no newes that she doth loue me.
When I am at Florence Ile send her word,

[1] Mistris [2] transcend

For so I promis'd her in a Letter when I went
To fight, if that I escap'd with life.
Cleo. You shall not goe to Florence to day,
Yet doe so, and bee not sad to goe;
For when my Brothers passion is once ouer,
And that he shall consider the iustnesse
Of the Dukes request in his last Letter,
I meane your pardon, hee cannot sure
Be any longer cruell.
Lys. Why Madame,
Did he write a Letter to the King,
In which he beg'd my pardon?
Cleo. Yes *Lysander*, he did;
And the last word that ere hee spake was
To that purpose, the letter I can shew you,
I neuer till this day could get it from my Brother.
Lysander reads to himselfe.
Lys. He in this Letter doth expresse himselfe
To be so neere the composition of the Gods,
So fild with all perfections, me thinkes it's strange
They shold not build him altars: yet my infortunate
Hand did rob the world of this precious Iewell;
For which offence my heart shall drop in iustice
As many bloudy teares, as now my womanish teares
Doe drops of brinish water.
Cleo. Worthy *Lysander*,

Each pearle like drop fals from thy manly eyes,
May expiate a greater sinne then[1] thou didst
Commit in thy intention: I cannot chuse
But kisse thee for this noble sorrow. Say *Mariana*,
Haue I done ill to kisse your Brother?
Mari. Madame, it were in me presumption
To censure any of your actions.
Cleo. *Lysander*, must you goe to day?
Sure you doe not loue me as a Sister, else
You would not part so soone.
Lys. By this kisse, which I belieue shall be

[1] then that.

The last that I euer shall be blest with,
Did not my faith oblige me otherwayes,
I should loue you equall with *Clarinda*,
Nay had I knowne you first, I should
Haue lou'd you better; but as it is
I know you are so noble in your selfe,
That you wold hate me if I should proue inconstant
Cleo. It is true, it were a basenesse for which
My iudgement would condemne you as vnworthy
To be belou'd; but yet I thinke my passion
Would make me change that saying, of louing
Of the Treason, yet hating of the Traitor;
For I should hate the Treason, and yet I feare me
Too much loue the Traitor.
Lys. It were impossible that you should loue
A periur'd man.
Cleo. I doe but feare it;
I know your worth will neuer put it to the tryall.
Lys. Deare Princesse,
Gerard, to whom I am much bound,
Hath horses ready for me, so that there is
Nothing wanting but your leaue to make
My iourney happie.
Cleo. Which I vnwillingly doe grant you, yet
Pray the heauens to make your iourney prosperous.
O *Mariana*, would I had neuer seene thy brother,
Or hauing seene him, that I might enioy him
For my Husband: but I doe ill to wish anothers
Right; that happinesse belongs to faire *Clarinda's*
Merits onely.
Lys. Go *Gerard*, get the horses ready. *Exit Gerard.*
Cleo. *Lysander*, let me heare from you,
And if you thinke it no way preiudiciall
To your faith, I pray you weare this fauor
For my sake.
Lys. Madame, most willingly,
And thinke it for the greatest honor that ere
Was done me.
Within Crye, round beset the house.[1]
Cleo. What noyse is that *Mariana?*

[1] See Notes, p. 163.

Mari. Madame, Ile goe see.
O Madame we are vndone, it is the King,
Who threatens to hang vp *Gerard* for concealing
Of my Brother.
Lys. Deare Madame, hide your selfe,
What will the King your Brother say,
If he doe[1] finde you here?
Cleo. I will *Lysander* flye from his anger now,
That I may haue more power hereafter
To doe thee seruice; what will you doe *Lysander?*
Lys. It is no matter what becomes of me,
So that you be safe from the Kings anger.
Enter King, Iacomo, Attendants, Gerard bound, Guard.
Iaco. Sir, set the house round, lest he should scape
At some backe dore.
King. Be that thy charge, take halfe the Guard, Ile search
The house my selfe: Where is this bloody Traytor?
Lys. Sir, heares a bloody-handed, though not a bloudy
Minded man, that doth not yet deserue the title
Of a Traitor. I know it's me you looke for.

King. Bloudy villaine, it's thou indeed,
Lay hands on him.
Lys. Keepe off, and heare me speake first,
And then I will deliuer vp my sword.
King. What wouldst thou say?
Lys. I see poore *Gerard* bound, whom I
Compel'd to conceale me.
King. How couldst thou compell him?
Lys. Royall Sir, with patience hear me:
When I by the assistance of Fortune, not my valour;
(Yet I did nothing basely) had kild that noble Duke
I was my selfe sore wounded, so that I could not
Flye out of your territories, and well I knew
Into what house so ere I came, though they
At first might pitty me, not knowing
What I had done; yet when they once should know
That I had kild the Duke, they then I knew

[1] doth.

Would streight discouer me, rather to gaine reward,
Or else to saue themselues from future danger,
Which to preuent, I thought my safest course was
For to compell *Gerard*, whom well I knew
Liu'd farre remote from company, to sweare
Not to discouer I was in his house,
Or else I threatned straight to kill him,
Hoping that rather then he would forsweare
Himselfe, he would conceale me, wherein I was
No whit deceiu'd.
Ger. If please your Maiestie,
He came into my house before I was aware,
With his sword drawne, and setting of it
To my brest, threatning if I would not sweare
For to conceale him, to kill me instantly.
I (not knowing what he had done)
Swore all that he would haue me.
Cleo. A God transformd into a humane shape
Could do or say no more then he hath done.
King. But when thou knew'st that he had
Kild the Duke, how durst thou then
Conceale him?
Lys. I then began to fright him with strange
Examples of the cruell punishments that periur'd
Men had felt, and aw'd his conscience that way.
King. So thou dost mine *Lysander;*
For I haue made a vow, after that I had got thee
Once within my power, the Sun shall not
Twice set, til I had with a sacrifice of thy heart bloud
Appeas'd my Kinsmans Ghost, I dare not
Be forsworne, away with him to prison,
And *Gerard. Exeunt Lysander, Gerard and Guard.*
Cleo. It is then no time for to conceale my selfe.[1]
O cruell Brother! you haue in that rash oath
Murder'd all vertue that Mans fraile nature
Is capable to receiue.
King. I am amaz'd,
Tell me deare Sister, what make you here,
I hope you know not of this villany.

[1] An aside.

Cleo. O doe not call a demi-god a villaine,
Though Fortune made his valiant arme
The instrument to rob you of a worthy Kinsman.
King. Sister, you speake with passion, as if
You lou'd him.
Cleo. Yes Brother, I do loue him,
With all my heart I loue him, which I will
Manifest more then in words,
If you be cruell.
King. Sister, as you respect my fauour,
And your owne faire Name, blemish not so
Your royall blood by louing of a murderous
Ingratefull villaine.
Cleo. O that you were no Brother to me,
Nor my King, that I might satisfie mine
Anger by a braue reuenge.
King. By louing of a murderous ingratefull villaine.[1]
Cleo. O that you were no Brother to me,
Nor my King, that I might satisfie mine anger
By a braue reuenge; by my life, I would haue shed
His heart bloud with my Iauelin, that should
Haue spoke this but your selfe, but as it is,
Ile let you see your error, you might as well
Call him a murderer that being assaulted
By a barbarous thiefe, kil'd him that would
Haue rob'd him; for so *Lysander* did, and
Whereas you call him ingrate, there you doe
Erre, the Duke being his debtor; and so
Indeed is all the world, for he hath left them
Such a Story in his actions, that hee that can
But read and imitate them to the life,
Shall in another iuster age. be made a God,
And worshipt for his vertues.
King. Sister, did you but see how ill
These praises doe become you;[2] (for you indeed
Are drunke with affection) you would leaue

[1] This and the preceding three lines should be omitted, on account of repetition; yet both editions have them.

[2] "you" supplied.

Them.[1] I know when you recouer by the helpe
Of reason, you'l hate your selfe, and wish that all
Y'aue spoke or done this day were but a dreame.
Cleo. O neuer, neuer; poore *Clarinda*,
What will become of thee when thou shalt heare
This killing Newes! *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarinda and the Duke.

Duke. It grieues my heart that I haue brought thee wrong,
Clar. Sir, must we lie here in the wood all night.
Duke. I feare there is no other remedie,
Clar. O my *Lysander* thou art lost I feare
For euer, and that same villaine *Iacomo*
Is cause of all. There is some comfort yet,
I see a light, sure it's some house.
Duke. For Charities sake open the Dore. *He knocks.*
Enter Hermit. Lord Sir, where haue you beene?
Duke. Mercy vpon us, how are we mistaken!
This is the old mans house where I haue beene
Still since I came into the Forrest.
Clar. Pray heauen he did not misse his way a purpose.
Duke. Good Father, if you haue any meate
Fetch me some for this sweet youth, I met him
In the Forrest, and would haue shewed him
The way to *Gerards* Lodge, but lost my selfe,
And wandred vp and downe till now.
Her. Here, here's some meate;
I was my selfe at *Gerards* Lodge, and saw those
There whom you would little thinke.
Duke. Who were there?
Her. The King and his faire Sister,
Lysander bound as a Prisoner, for killing
Of the Duke.
Clar. O my *Lysander's* lost. *fals.*
Duke. Looke to the Boy, he swoones; speake
Child, what dost thou ayle?
Clar. That same who is *Lysander*, now a prisoner,
(And must die) was the only cause I would
So faine haue gone to *Gerards* Lodge,
For that villaine who had bound me, I knew
Would tell the King that *Lysander* was there,

[1] *Them me* occurs in both editions, but is evidently a mistake.

And I would faine haue giuen him warning,
That he might haue fled, because hee is
Thy[1] Kinsman.
Her. Be not sad Boy for that,
I heard the Princesse sweare if the King
Put to death *Lysander*, that she will not out-liue
Him; and he too well loues his Sister
To lose her so.
Clar. How! Is the Princesse so in loue with him?
Her. Indeed they say she is.
Duke. Come, and eat your meate, you shall
Goe to bed; I know you are weary.

L

Clar. Sir, I cannot eate, I had rather sleepe.
Her. Come then, Ile shew thee to a Bed.
Clar. No Sir, Ile lie vpon the Rushes, I neuer vse
To lie with any body, and I am sure
Here in this house there are not many beds.
Her. Come, thou shalt lie alone;
There are two beds, we two will lie together.
Clar. Please Sir to leaue me here, Ile go to bed.
Her. No childe, Ile helpe thee.
Clar. If he should see my breasts, I am vndone;[2]
I will keep on my doublet.
Her. Goe to bed sweet childe, wee'l leaue thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus, Scoena prima.

Enter Iaspero and Bernardo.

Ias. What newes at Court?
Ber. Sad newes belieue me.
Ias. Why, must braue *Lysander* suffer to day?
Ber. The King hath sworne to haue his head off ere Sun-set.
Ias. The Kingdome will be poore in such a losse,
For he leaues none behind him worth his equall.
Ber. I, but is't not strange the King should grace
That villaine *Iacomo* that did betray him?
Ias. His extreame loue vnto the Duke makes him
Loue *Iacomo*, who doth professe that he did not

[1] Both editions have *Thy;* probably a mistake for *My*. [2] An aside.

Discouer *Lysander* in hope of gaine; but onely
Out of loue to the Dukes memory.

Ber. At one o'th clocke he is to suffer, let vs be there betimes and get a place neere the Scaffold to heare his last words. *Exeunt.*

Enter Utrante in blacke.

Utran. How blacke and sorrowfull this day lookes!
This day, in which *Lysander* is to suffer:
Noble *Lysander*, to whom my Child and I
Are so much bound; and yet hee is the cause
Of both our ruines; or rather I am cause:
It was my ambition to haue a Duke
My Sonne in Law: no, it was my *Clarinda*'s
Beauty bred all this mischiefe, and it was
The Heauens that gaue Beauty to her:
Why did they then not blesse that gift in her,
But turne it to her curse? Peace wretched man
And argue not with those high powers,
But wait their pleasure, and pray for their assistance,
Who can yet change this Scoene of blood into
A Scoene of ioy, and back returne thee thy *Clarinda.*

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. If't please your Lordship, my young Lady
Is return'd and gone agen. *Vtran.* How!

Ser. She hath beene in the house this houre as the maids tell me, hath chang'd her cloaths and's newly stolne out at the back-gate, and gon toward *Lysanders* prison; two of my fellowes are gone after her, and I came back to tell your Lordship. *Exit.*

Enter Cleonarda and Mariana.

Cleo. And do's the Kings cruel resolution hold still?

Mari. O Madam yes, my poore Brother must dye to day.

Cleo. And wilt not thou dye with him: speake *Mariana.*

Mari. Madame, I could wish that I might not out-liue him.

Cleo. Why sayst thou thou couldst wish, hast thou not hands? Or dost thou want a knife? if so, yet there's many wayes to die.

Mari. Madame, how strangely doe you talke?

Cleo. Why, wouldst thou wish to liue,
After the vntimely death of such a Brother?

Mari. Madame, we must not goe vntill the Gods do call vs, Yet I bylieue it is the better place.

Cleo. The better place? assure thy selfe of that, they would

Not else thus early call thither the best of Men. I will follow
Him where ere he goes to see. *Enter Iacomo.*

Iaco. Madame the King desires your company.

Cleo. Villaine, had he none else to send but thee
That didst betray *Lysander?* hence from my sight. *Exeunt.*

L 2

Enter Duke and Hermit.

Her. What did you with the Boy?

Duke. I left him at the Count *Utrante's* house:
He told me he dwelt there.

Her. At what hour say they must *Lysander* suffer?

Duke. At on of the clock, faile not to be there,
And get neere the Scaffold.

Her. You need not bid me. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter King, Cleonarda, Iacomo, Mariana, Attendants, one of them in Habit of a Countreman.

King. Sister, beleeue me, you haue told me such particular
Arguments of *Lysanders* worth, that I doe pitty
His misfortunes much, and haue quite lost my anger;
Yet Iustice must be satisfied.

Cleo. Sir, the offence that he committed, was but against
The Law, although he rob'd you of a Subiect:
You are aboue the Law, and may remit it;
A King should in points of life and death,
Be like the Chancery, in other cases, and helpe
By mercy against the cruell letter of the Law,
As the Chancery doth by conscience.
Especially when your owne conscience tels you
That he was forc'd against his will to fight.

King. Sister, it were an example too dangerous
To pardon him that kild my next of blood:
It might encourage some to strike my selfe;
And therefore it is in vaine to plead for mercy.

Enter Utrante and Clarinda.

Vtran. O daughter, let not your passionate loue
Vnto *Lysander*, make you accuse good *Iacomo.*

Clar. O Sir, you are cozen'd, he is a Diuell incarnate,
Iustice, Iustice great Sir.

King. Lady, I thought your plea would haue beene mercy,
And not Iustice.

Clar. Sir, I haue lost all hope of mercy; but Iustice
I hope you will grant me against that villaine *Iacomo.*

Iaco. Now haue at me; but I haue fore-arm'd the King with such a tale, that and mine owne impudence, which neuer faild me, shall well enough defend me.[1]

King. Arise faire *Clarinda*, and by my Crowne,
Bring your sufficient proofe, you shall haue Iustice;
But wel I know you hate good *Iacomo*, because he did
Discouer where your *Lysander* was.

Clar. Would I had bit my tongue out of my head,
When I gaue it power to tell you where *Lysander* was.

Iaco. Your maiestie may marke by this how true the rest is that she hath to say Madame, then you would seeme as if I had deceiu'd your trust, and that you had to mee discouered where *Lysander* was; make me not so odious, I neuer was a traitor, had you to me discouer'd it, wild horses should haue torn mee in a thousand pieces, ere I would haue confest; no, this same countrey fellow one day being within the Lodge saw him, and so discouerd it to me.

Clar. Though thou deny'st this with a brazen brow,
Yet thou canst not denie thou wouldst haue rauisht me,
When I did trust thee to goe along with me,
I being disguis'd then, where I to thee discouer'd
When[2] *Lysander* was; and more thou threatendst
(If I did not giue consent to thy base lust)
To murder mee, when thou hadst done,
Because I should not tell.

Iaco. Madame I did not thinke that loue to any man could ere haue turned that excellent wit of yours so ill away,[3] as thus vniustly to accuse a man that is innocent,[4] and one that honors you.

Enter Duke and Hermite.

Utran. Sir, I doe grieue,
My Daughters loue vnto *Lysander* should
Moue her for to seeke a most vniust reuenge
Against good *Iacomo*, whose like for honestie
I know not in this Kingdome of his quality.

[1] An aside.
[2] "where" and "when" (ll. 2650 and 2651) should be exchanged.
[3] a way. [4] so innocent.

Clar. Sir, here's a witnesse, that will confirme
What I haue said for truth.
Duke. What gentle Lady?
Clar. Sir, 'twas I that you rescu'd yesterday,
From a villaine that would haue rauisht me.
Duke. Why Lady, were you in such danger?
Iaco. Marke you Sir, he[1] knowes of no such thing.
Clar. I was the Boy you found in the wood,
Whom this villaine would then haue rauisht,
Which then I told you was my master.
Duke. I thought no boy could haue so sweet a face,
Indeed Sir, tis most true, I found this Lady bound
And that same villaine (as I thinke) for I had but
A glimpse of[2] him in the bushes, his feare making
Him flie as soone as euer he saw me.
Clar. I beseech you Maiestie let him be hang'd,
For on my honor what I doe affirme is truth.
King. Your affirmation is to me a hundred
Witnesses, yet it were in me iniustice to deny
The combat 'gainst this gentleman that doth accuse
Him on your behalfe, if *Iacomo* desire it.
Duke. Belieue it Sir, he that will do such villainies,
Will neuer dare to fight, Sir send him to the Galleyes,
If he will not fight, it shewes his guilt.
Iaco. Hell take you all, I dare not fight might I haue all the world giuen. Ile rather to the Galleys. I shall get out there with some tricke or other, and then Ile poyson twenty of you, Ile not discouer what I am; that will but shew me more.[3]
King. Let him that rescued *Clarinda* haue the land
That *Iacomo* should haue had, for discouering where
Lysander was: call forth the prisoner, and proceed to execution.
Enter Lysander, Executioner, Guard.
Lys. Weepe not *Clarinda*, you may liue happily
You and the Princesse may together make
A kinde of Marriage, each one strongly
Flattering themselues, the other is *Lysander;*
For each of you's *Lysanders* better part:
Pardon *Clarinda* that I borrow from
That streame of loue a part to pay the Princesse,

[1] First edition has "she." [2] on. [3] An aside.

Which euer yet ran constantly to the Ocean
Of thy perfection only, for now a gratefulnesse
To her, makes some of it run in another current;
For which I know thou being wise, canst neuer
Loue me lesse, knowing that I haue loue[1] enough
For both, since I can marry neither
Clar. *Lysander*, doe not thinke I grudge that part of Loue
You pay the Princesse, her merits farre transcending mine,
Besides, you owe her for preseruing of your life,
And I haue beene the only cause, that you must lose it;
But Ile beare you company, and in that pay the debt I owe you.
King. Why stayes the Prisoner? *Lys.* Onely to take
A parting kisse; then when you please, I am prepar'd.
King. What meane you Sister, will you make apparant
To the world your folly? *Cleo.* Sir, doe not hinder me;
For if I may not here speake with him,
We will conuerse in death sooner then you belieue;
Lysander, thou art going to thy lasting home,
And in thee all vertuous men must suffer,
They being but branches, thou the root of all perfection:
Who will be Curteous, Valiant, since these are causes
Of thy death? for thou vnto the world didst manifest
In thy last action with the Duke, that thou wert
Really possest of these: but I, in summing vp thy worth,
Doe but increase my griefe; since I must part with thee,
The rich vnhappy owner; for they haue only seru'd
To reuiue thee, and those that lou'd thee for them.
Poore *Clarinda*, I from my owne conceptions
Could weepe, to thinke vpon the torment thou wilt feele,
When as the Axe shall seuer from thee loues
Worthy person, thy comely head, worthy,
Most worthy, in that it was the Cabinet appointed
By the Gods to keepe their richest Iewel in,
His minde, which is indeede an Index
In which iudicious men may read as in a Booke,
The whole contents of all their excellence.
King. Sister, for shame doe not thus wrong
Your selfe and me, by throwing such high praises
On a man, condemn'd by Law. *Lysander*,
Prepare thyselfe to die, and take no notice of her

[1] lost.

Idle praises, which if they could to any mortall
Man be due, they were to him, for whom
Thou now must suffer.
Lys. Sir, I doe confess it and am ready to receiue
Your doome.
Cleo. I need not to a mind so fortifide as thine is
Giue any Antidotes, to arme thee against death.
Lys. All the encouragement that I will desire
Shall be a kisse of your faire hand.
Cleo. *Lysander*, thou knowst my soule embraceth thee,
These are the first teares that ere fell from mine eyes,
Although a woman, which I am pleasd with,
Since it well expresses this is the greatest griefe
That yet I euer felt.
Lys. This kisse *Clarinda* is thy due, thou art
The neerest to my heart in Iustice. *Clarinda swoones.*
King. Looke to *Clarinda*, carry her home.
Cleo. I thought she would haue out-gon me; but now
Mine shall be the glory: who would liue in a world
That's bankrupt of all vertue?[1] *Lysander kneels.*
Exec. I pray Sir forgiue me your death.
Lys. Friend, doe thine office; I forgiue thee.
Duke. Hold villaine.
King. How darest thou hinder[2] the sword of Iustice[3]
From lighting where it is design'd?
Duke. Sir, if you execute this Lord, you are a tyrant.
King. Why Sir, will it bee tyranny in mee
To execute the Law? the fellow's mad,
Lay hands on him.
Duke. It is a cruell Law that doth condemne the innocent.
King. Why, is he innocent?
Duke. Let me dye for't if I doe not proue
He did not kill the Duke.
King. And by my Crowne, since thou dost interpose thy selfe
Betwixt the sword of Iustice and the Obiect,
It shall cut through thy life too with *Lysanders*,
If thou dost faile to proue what thou affirmest.
Lys. I doe beseech your Maiesty,

[1] An aside. [2] to hinder.

[3] *Iustice* transposed to beginning of l. 2766.

Let not this franticke man, (for so he seemes to be)
Out of his loue to me, ruine himselfe:
I doe confesse againe it was this vnlucky hand,
And no other, that kild the Duke.
Duke. I call the heauens to witnesse, it was I
That was the cause he bled that day,
And well he did deserue it, for thinking
So vniustly to rob thee of *Clarinda*,
Who only dost deserue her.
King. Carry the fellow hence;
Doe I sit here to heare a mad man talke?
Duke. Call me not fellow, I am as good
A Gentleman, as was the Duke your Cozen,
And were he now aliue hee would acknowledge it.
King. Away with him to Prison, Ile haue him
Strangely punisht for this presumption.
Away with him.
Her. Sir vpon my credit,
(And men of my Profession should not lye) he's both
In Birth and worth equall vnto the Duke.
King. Though I doe reuerence your Profession,
Yet I see no cause to belieue you,
For in this Kingdome there is none so worthy.
Her. Sir, yes; euery way as worthy,
And one your Maiestie doth loue so well,
That if he aske you, I know you will pardon
Lord *Lysander* for his sake.
King. Sure all the world's infected,
One that I loued so well and equall to the Duke
In Birth; how canst thou proue this?
Her. Thus I can proue it, *Discouer Duke.*
To your great ioy and all the Kingdomes.
King. I am amaz'd; art thou a Coniurer,
And from the quiet graue hath raised
The beloued person of my Kinsman to delude me?
For thou wert he that said thou foundst his body.
Duke. Ghosts doe not vse to pay their duty to
The liuing, Sir, feele my hand, I am your Seruant.
King. O my deare Cozen, can this be true!
Duke. Sir, I will make all plaine; but first I must

Relieue the worthiest of men, noble *Lysander*,
Send for *Clarinda*, and tell her this glad newes:
Madame, let me kisse your faire hands,
I euer honourd you, but now I doe adore
That high rais'd mind of yours, that feares not
To professe your loue to vertue, though in distresse.
King. Deare Cozen, I doe long to know by what
Meanes you were preseru'd.
Duke. This reuerend man that did the pious act,
Can best resolue it you.
King. 'Twas he that brought first word that he
Had found your body, by which we were resolued
That you were dead, he told his tale so punctually.
Duke. When I began to bee past danger of my
Wounds, I fram'd that tale about the thieues,
Intending to conceal my selfe, and so to make
Triall of your loue to me, and of *Clarinda's*
Loue vnto *Lysander*, both which I finde
Not to be equal'd.
King. Good Father tell vs how you found him
Wounded, and how you did preserue him.
Her. Sir, what I told you
Concerning the finding of him wounded,
All that was true, and how I did recouer him
By a soueraigne water; but that he after
Dyed within my armes, you see is false
And yet he spoke those words that I deliuer'd
As his dying speech, he hauing then indeed
No hope of life: but heauen so order'd it,
That he recouer'd by my skill in Surgery,
In which Art I shall not boast to say
That I am equall with the most skilfull of this age,
Which I thinke well appeares, since I haue cured
Him in so short a time; yet I must attribute
His sodaine curing to a soueraigne balme,
That an Egyptian gaue me, from which countrey
I late came.
King. Holy man, expect from me a great reward;
For you haue backe to me restor'd the comfort
Of my life; but where haue you since liued,

Or how came you by this disguise?

Enter Clarinda.

Duke. I liu'd with him still in a little Cottage,
And he did from the City fetch me disguises:
Diuine *Clarinda*, pardon me, I was your bedfellow,
And did not know my[1] owne happinesse then;
If I had knowne you, I would haue done
Iust as I did; I see you are amazd, it was I
That in disguise rescued you, and sau'd your honor,
When that villaine would haue rauisht you;
In which I was most happy; for I shall now present
You, so much the richer gift to your *Lysander*,
Here braue *Lysander*, let me deliuer vp
Into thine armes the Iewell of thy life;
And in that make some part of satisfaction,
For the wrong I did thee, in compelling thee
To fight for that which was thine owne before
In iustice.

Lys. My Lord, the seruice of my life hereafter

Shall make manifest how much I honor you,
And with what ioy I doe receiue your gift.

Cleo. I would haue giuen my life to haue redeem'd
Lysanders; where is the ioy then that I should feele
For his deliuerance. O I haue found the cause
That doth suppresse it; it's enuy that *Clarinda's*
Happier then my selfe: why should I enuy that
Which is her due, both by his vowes and her
Owne merit.[2]

Lys. How sad the Princesse lookes? I wonder
Shee doth not speake to me.[3]

Cleo. Heart, though thou burst, the world shal not
See I grieue or enuy.[4] *Lysander* and *Clarinda*,
May you be happie in your loues, which I can neuer be.

Lys. Her noble heart will burst with griefe,
Would I had dyed, or rather that I had two hearts,
By death I had beene free; this way I am

[1] mine. [2] An aside. [3] An aside.
[4] An aside. A period is inserted after "enuy".

A debtor to the Princesse, and that ingratitude
Torments me worse then death.[1]
King. Call for the sacred Priest, and let vs change
That which we thought should haue been a Scoene
Of blood into a Scoene of ioy, by ioyning
Two despairing Louers hands together.
Duke. O what a happy mans *Lysander* at this instant
Compard with what he was halfe an houre since!
Imagination cannot reach it; but on the other side
How farre am I falne from that happinesse
That I possest when the faire *Clarinda* said
That she would marry me within a month.[2]
Enter Priest
King. Come reuerent Sir, performe an office
Acceptable to the Gods: Sister, take you *Lysanders*
Hand, and Cozen you *Clarinda's*.
Cleo O what a cruell office hath my brother put vpon me.[3]
Duke. I would this taske were past,
Vertue I see thou art a cruell Mistris.[4]
Clar. I in my soule grieue for the Duke,
His manly eyes shed teares to performe this Office;
I would to heauen he were my Brother,
Or that *Lysander* were; the consideration
Of his worth and infinite affection,
Which hath appeared in all his actions,
Hath gaind much vpon me.[5]
Priest. Will you *Lysander* take *Clarinda* for
Your Wife, forsaking all other till the hand of death
Arrest the one of you?
Her. Say no *Lysander*.
Lys. Reuerend Sir, why?
Her. Because the Marriage is not lawfull
Duke. Can you proue it vnlawfull?
You sau'd my Life, but I shall valew that no benefit
Compar'd with this, if you can proue
Lysander and *Clarinda* cannot marry;
Ile make you more than you can wish to be.
Her. *Lysander*, did not your Father

[1] An aside. [2] An aside. [3] An aside. [4] An aside.
[5] An aside.

When you last parted with him, giue you
A little Cabinet, in which he bid you looke
When you should marry, on his blessing
Not before, not[1] at your death?
Lys. It is true, he did so, but I
Was so distracted betwixt ioy and griefe,
That I had quite forgot it.
Her. Send for it with all haste.
King. What can this Cabinet produce to stop
The Marriage?
Cleo. I cannot plead desert,
Thou God of Loue, because I haue so short a while
Beene subiect to thy Lawes; but well thou knowst
If thou oblige me to become thy subiect,
By giuing me *Lysander*, that I shall
More extoll thy power than any Subiect
That thou hast: but on the contrary

If thou dost not assist mee, I will returne againe
Vnto *Diana* thy vtter enemy, and in her seruice
Spend the loath'd remnant of my life.[2]
Enter with a Cabinet, Paper in it.
King. The Cabinet is come.
Duke. I make no doubt,
If't be within thy power, thou God of Loue,
But thou wilt grant to me thy truest Subiect
The wishes of my heart; but I doe feare a greater
Power then thine, doth ouer-rule the destinies.[3]
Her Here Sir, read that paper; there you shall
Finde, what you doe little thinke.
King reads.
Lysander, *I doe giue you leaue to marry whom you doe thinke fit, because I know you are able to make a worthy Choyce, onely* Clarinda *you cannot marry, for she is your Sister.*
Lys. How! my Sister!
Duke. Loue thou hast heard my prayer, though I were
Ignorant and knew not what to aske.[4]
King. I am amaz'd, sure this is Witch-craft.

[1] nor. [2] An aside. [3] An aside. [4] An aside.

Duke. Sir, I beseech you proue this to be true.
Her. My Lord, if you will beg a Pardon from the King,
(It is for a fault, that was neuer proued against me)
I then will make all things so plaine, that no man shall deny it.
Enter Messenger.
Mes. And please your Maiesty, *Iacomo* is proued to be
The Count *Orsinio's* Brother.
Her. My Lord, let him be brought, heele helpe to the clearing
of the discourse I am to make.
Duke. Sir, I must beg a pardon for the sauer of my life.
King. What hath he done? I pardon him, be't what it wil.
Her. Then Sir, behold a banisht man. *puls off his beard.*
King. The Count *Orsinio*!
Lys. My Father! your blessing Sir.
Utran. My deare freind! welcome. *Enter Iacomo.*
Duke. Sir, Ile not bid you welcome,
Till you make it plaine, it can[1] be no Marriage.
Iaco. My Brother!
Her. O thou wicked villaine! art thou aliue yet?
I might haue known thee by thy villanies,
Through thy disguises.
Duke. Good my Lord proceed vnto your discouery.
Her. My second wife being barraine, I had
No hope of Issue Male; for I had *Mariana*
There by my first, and it did grieue my Soule
To thinke that villaine there should be my heyre;
For he dayly practiz'd mischiefe before vnheard of.
It was not long before my wife obserued
That the chiefe cáuse of all my discontent
Grew from her barrennesse, and she being fearefull
That my affection might decline as did my hope
Of Issue, thought of a strange and most vnwonted
Meanes, to make her selfe appeare a happy mother.
My friends Wife here, the Count *Utrante*,
Finding her selfe to bee with Childe; my Wife,
By helpe of Art did seeme so too: but strange
To see how gold will worke! for by a somme of
Money, my Wife did work the Mid-wiues, Nurse,
And Doctor, to cozen the true Mother of her Child

[1] cannot.

When ere she should be brought to bed.
King. How was that possible?
Her. Most easie Sir, as they did handle it,
The Child was borne, and prou'd a Boy,
As my Wife wisht; for had it beene a Girle,
It could not then haue eas'd me of my griefe,
My land being tied vpon the Heyres-Male.
Duke. Good Sir, proceed.
Her. The Nurse was by the Doctor straight
Commanded to carry into the next roome the child,
Alleaging that it was most necessary,
The Mother, after so much labour should
Sleepe, which the Childs crying might hinder:
Within a short space comes in the Mid-Wife
Pittifully weeping, telling the Mother
That the Child could hardly liue; but straight
The Nurse she entring the Chamber cried out
Alas the Child is dead; the wofull Mother
Falling in a swoone, had almost made
That sorrow reall for her, which was[1] then but
Counterfeited for the Child.
Duke. The Child then was not dead?
Her. No Sir, the crafty Nurse
Had by a back-dore conuaid it out o' th house
By helpe of another Nurse that she had there
For the purpose: hauing recouer'd
The Mother out of her trance, the poore Lady
Desir'd to see her late comfort, though now
Her only cause of sorrow, the dead Child:
But the Doctor vtterly denyed that,
Alleaging that would but increase her sorrow,
Which might impeach her health:
My friend here was not then at home,
And who durst contradict the Doctor
In such a case?
King. Was there
No seruants in the house? Did none of them
Aske for the Childe?
Her. Sir, to preuent that

[1] "was" supplied from second edition.

They had before prouided a piece of wood
Shapt like a Childe, and about that they put
A winding sheete.
King. But what excuse then made they
For their haste in dressing of it
For the graue, that was not then
Scarce cold?
Her. For that they told the seruants
The Childe being deform'd they made such haste
To hide it from the neighbours; that they
Might not be witnesses of their Ladies shame,
In bringing such a Monster into the world.
The Nurse the same night came, and told my Wife
What they had done, and she aduising with
Her agents, the next night after seem'd
To fall in labour, and by the helpe of those
Her creatures made perfect by their former practise,
She cozen'd me and the world, by making vs
Belieue, that she had truly brought me forth a son.
I did a thousand times kisse my young heyre,
And by my careful education and his owne
Braue naturall parts, hee's growne to be
What now you finde, *Lysander*, for he's the same.
King. But how came you to know
Lysander was not your naturall sonne, and these
Particulars?
Her. My Wife Sir,
Being vpon her death-bed, she found her conscience
Troubled with this deceit, and could not
Depart in peace, till she had freely told me
Of this strange Story; I still conceal'd it
Out of my iust anger against my wicked Brother;
Besides that great affection which I bare *Lysander*,
Continued still, and is now so great,
That if your Maiestie by your Prerogatiue
Will but confirme it, I doe adopt him for my Heire.
King. It shall.
Iaco. Thus Sir, was I defeated of my right; My Lord the Duke there by his power, though I did proue this in the open Court, by witnesse of the Nurse and Midwife; yet he made mee to be banisht as an iniurer of others.

Duke. I doe confesse the wrong I did thee
Though ignorant, and for to make thee satisfaction,
I will be a suitor to the King in thy behalfe:
Sir, now vpon my knowledge I dare affirme
That *Lysander* is sonne vnto the Count *Utrante.*

N

Lys. It was nature in me, that made me so much
Loue the Count *Utrante*: your[1] blessing Sir.
Clar. It do's not grieue mee that you are
My Brother.
Lys. And for my part, I cannot adde
To my owne happinesse, if I might haue my wishes,
Now that you are my Sister; for I did euer loue you
As a Sister rather than as a Mistris.
Duke. Diuine *Clarinda,*
I cannot claime your promise till a moneth be past,
There is some part of it to come, but I hope
You will not strictly stand vpon the time.
Clar. My Lord,
I should too much wrong my selfe, though I did not
Loue you, in deferring of so great a blessing:
But the large testimony that you haue giuen
Both of your worth and affection to me,
Haue turn'd that great affection in an instant,
That I bare *Lysander,* as you could wish it,
Vpon you; nay to say truth, I euer lou'd you,
Though not so well as hee, and held your worth
As great.
Duke. Deare *Clarinda,* giue me not a surfet.
Lys. I feare the King will nere consent. *whisper.*
Duke. But good Sir,
What made you desire me to beg your pardon.
Or what made you conceale your selfe so long?
Her. My Lord, Ile tell you;
Your Lordship may remember, for it is not
Fiue years since, that this my Friend, the Count
Utrante and my selfe, were both suspected
For poysoning of your Uncle, because we were

[1] Corrected from "you".

His profest Enemies; especially my selfe,
Which made me flye, though I were innocent,
For it was knowne to many, that the villaine
Kild him for's owne particular reuenge,
Yet my wicked Brother there, perswaded the fellow
At his death to say, that we had set him on
And got another rascall to witnesse with him
That it was true; my friend, not hauing so great
Enemies, did stay to iustifie himselfe,
And for his paines was laid in prison, and kept there
For his lands, till you got him releast,
And yet he was neuer brought vnto his tryall;
I, ere I left this Country, did leaue this Cabinet
With my sonne, or rather yours, and withall
The charge of looking in it when he should
Be married. After many a weary step abroad,
I came home to my Countrey, and in disguise
Haue liu'd here in the Forrest, and saw my friends
Full often, although they knew not mee;
And hauing this occasion of doing your Lordship
Seruice, I thought it would be a sure meanes
To get my pardon; especially when things
Were growne vnto the extreamest poynt
Of danger, I knew a timely remedy would be
Most welcome then of all, and that made me
Conceale my selfe so long.

Lys. Cleo. We are resolu'd.[1]

King. My Lord, I freely pardon you, for I belieue
It was indeed a lye, inuented by your wicked
Brother, whom I doe giue you power to punish
As you thinke good.

Her. My Lord, I then desire
He may be kept a prisoner all his life;
For should he haue his liberty, I know
He would doe mischiefe that we should all
Repent of.

Iaco. Brother, thou art wise,
Thou shouldst haue beene the first that should

[1] An aside.

Haue felt mine anger.
King. Away with him.

N 2

Duke. I dare not speake for thee, thou art so great
A Villaine. *Exeunt Guard with Iacomo.*
King. Come, let vs set forwards to the Temple.
And pray the Gods to shower a blessing
Upon this Couple;—What meanes my Sister?
Lysander and Cleonarda set swords to their brests.
Cleo. Thus Sir,
Lysander and my selfe haue made a solemne
Contract, and with our bloods wee'l seale it,
Either to goe thus to the Temple to be married,
Or to the graue.
King. How Sister!
Cleo. What is it Sir, in your opinion, makes
Lysander vnworthy of me?
King. His blood compard with yours, is base.
Cleo. But Sir, his mind's heroicke,
And who will compare the seruant with the Master?
The Body is no more vnto the Minde.
King. What would you marry with a Subiect?
Cleo. Who would not
Marry with a Subiect that is a King of Vertues,
Rather than with a King that's gouern'd
By his Vices?
Duke. Sir, you know the greatnesse of her
Spirit; If you will haue her to liue, you must
Consent.
Cleo. Brother, you stand to vs
Instead of destinie; for you haue in your power
Our threed of Life. Say, will you spin vs out
A happy threed, that we may liue to serue you,
Or will you cut it short?
Duke. O be not cruell to your only Sister;
What's all the out-ward glory, if you rob
The mind of that which it delights in?
I know that your intention is to make
Her happy, doe not mistake the way;

Her mind is not taken with the glorious title
Of a King; for if it had, shee might haue made
Her choyce, since all the neighbouring Kings
Admire her: No Sir, shee aymes at that
Which made men Kings at first, Wisdome,
And Valour, and should she search the world
Shee cannot finde a man where they
Doe meete so fully, as in braue *Lysander:*
O Sir, then be not cruell, thinking to be
Carefull of your[1] Sister.
King. Shee's cruell to her selfe,
And rather let her perish by her rash hand,
Then so dishonour mee, by marrying with
A Subiect.
Cleo. Farewell then
Cruell Brother: *Lysander*, let vs part
To meete agen for euer; Ile goe first,
Because my Brother shall not thinke of sauing me
When you are dead.
Lys. No Madame,
Let me shew you the way, and when I feele
The paine, Ile tell you if it be too great
For you to suffer.
King. Hold: take him Sister,
And be happy in him: I loue thee more
Then euer, because I see, thy minde is onely
Fixt on true Worth without additions.
I learn'd of Count *Orsinio* to bring things
To the extreamest poynt, so to encrease
The ioy: it had beene a sinne to part
Those Bodies, whose very Soules seeme to bee
Ioynd together.
Cleo. Brother, may I perish,
When I forget this benefit, or cease to pay
To you my Lord, my thankes for pleading so
Lysanders Cause and mine.

King. Great Loue this day hath shewne his mighty power
Without the helpe of Fortune. In an houre

[1] thy.

He hath relieu'd from death and from despaire
Foure of his truest Subiects, and made faire
This day that was o're-clouded, let vs praise
His power that in a minute so can raise
From misery to an excesse of Ioy,
And in an instant that content destroy:
He hath to vs beene iust this day as well as kinde.
Rewarding vertuous Loue let none then call him blinde.
Exeunt omnes.

THE EPILOGVE

Our Author feares there are some Rebell-hearts
Whose dulnesse doth oppose Loues piercing darts:
These will bee apt to say the Plot was dull,
The Language rude, and that 'twas onely full
Of grosse Absurdities; for such as these
Hee cares not now, nor ere will striue to please:
For if your selues as Masters,[1] *and Loues Friends,*
Be pleased with this sad Play, hee hath his ends.

[1] *a Mistris.* The sense requires *as Mistresses.*

FINIS

NOTES

I. STAGING

"Enter Clarinda and Lysander, (as in an Arbour) in the night" (l. 868). Darkness was probably simulated by extinguishing some of the lights. Performances before the court at Whitehall and in private theaters occurred in the late afternoon or the evening, by lamplight, and night could easily be represented. But in the public theaters, which were used in the afternoon, darkness was indicated merely by torch-bearers carrying lighted torches.[1] The back-stage must have been used for the arbor; probably trimmed with branches of trees. The eavesdroppers were standing without, concealed by the darkness.

The back-stage was used again for the hermit's hut and for the lodge, both in the woods. The woods were perhaps represented by branches draped about or by small trees. Instances of the use of small trees on the stage have been found even before 1600.[2]

"Within Crye, round beset the house" (l. 2370). The first two words are stage directions, indicating an outcry behind the scenes; and the remaining words are a command by the king to surround the lodge. The capture of Lysander takes place out-of-doors, upon the front-stage, for he steps forth to surrender himself, leaving Cleonarda concealed behind the curtains of the back-stage. When she discovers herself, all are upon the front-stage, and the back-stage can be made ready for the hermit's hut in the next scene.

[1] G. F. Reynolds, *A Twentieth Century American at the Theatre of Elizabeth* (Chicago, 1902; unpublished manuscript).

[2] G. F. Reynolds, "Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging", *Modern Philology*, (University of Chicago Press,) June, 1905, pp. 85, 86.

The banquet, the arbor scene at midnight, the duel, the other forest scenes, and the execution admit of rich, impressive, or pretty stage-setting, and may well have given opportunity for all the skill of that time in staging. Although this skill was not great in comparison with that of the Restoration, it is a mistake to imagine the crude stage of Shakespeare for Carliell's play.

II. COMPARISONS WITH SHAKESPEARE

Cleonarda speaking to the king (l. 1842):

> Yet remember that mercy is the greatest attribute
> Belonging to those powers, whose substitute you are.

Cf. *The Merchant of Venice* (Act IV, scene 1, ll. 186 ff.), the passage spoken by Portia, beginning:

> The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

The Duke, who is living in exile in the woods, utters this soliloquy (ll. 2152 ff.):

> How happy are those men that lead a Country life,
> And in the nature of each severall creature,
> View the great God of Nature's power, who can finde
> Nothing in the whole frame, but either for the composition
> Or the existence is worth our admiration.

Cf. *As You Like It* (Act II, scene 1, ll. 1 ff.):

> And this our life exempt from public haunt
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

Cf. also the forest of Arden with the woodland setting of *The Deserving Favourite;* and the meetings of Orlando and Rosalind with the experiences of the Duke and Clarinda in the wood (ll. 2166, 2490).

III. CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS

Juno and Hercules, l. 160; Pallas, Diana, and Venus, l. 193; Diana, ll. 486, 498, 501, and 505; Diana, Endymion, and Pallas, l. 2234; the Parcae, ll. 3187 ff., as follows:

Cleonarda. "Brother, you stand to us
Instead of destinie; for you have in your power
Our threed of Life. Say, will you spin us out
A happy threed, that we may live to serve you,
Or will you cut it short?"

These classical allusions and the preceding comparisons confirm what was said in the Biography about Carliell's education and his acquaintance with literature.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX A

COPY OF THE DISPOSITION OF NEW PARK BY LODOWICK CARLIELL

"Be it kend till all men be thir *present* l*ett*ers Me Lodovick Carleill esquyer* and*

"B[r]other and air to umq*uh*ill James Carleill sone to umq*uh*ill Harber*t* Carleill of Brydkirk here*table* proprietor of the lands & otheres underwr*itten* for certaine good cawses and considerations moveing me witt ye me to have sauld annailzied and disponned lykeas I be the tennor heir-of sell annailzie & disponne ffrae me my aires & assignes to and in ffavores off Adame* Cairlyll* son* to* Wm* Cairlyll* &* his aires and assi*gnes* *what*somever heretablie & irredeemablie But reversione, redemptione or regress *what*somever All & Haill The ffourtie shilling land of auld ext[e]nt of Newpark with the pertinentis lyand in the parochen of Lus, Stewartrie of Annandale & Sherreffedome of dumfreis togither with right claime of right, title, propertie or possessione *wh*ilk I, my aires or assi*gnes* had, have or any wayes may ask, claime or pretend therto. [I]n the whilks lands and otheris abovewr*itten* with the pertinentis I Binde & obleis me my aires & successores & dewlie and validlie to infeft and sease the *said* Adam* Cairlyll* and his fores*aids* Be double charters and infeftments, the ane therof to be halden of me, my aires and successores, in ffeu fferme for the yeirlie pay*ment* of the sowme of . . . . money correspondent to the retoured dutie of the s*aids* lands and the other of the s*aids* infeftments to be halden ffrae me and my aires off my immediate law*full* Superiors off the s*aids* lands with the pertinentis Sicklyke and in the Samen forme and manner as I hold or might have halden the samen me self And that either be Resignatione of Confirmatione as best shall please the s*aid* Adam* Cairlyll* & his fores*aids* to devise ffor his securitie: And ffor that effect to make, seall, subscrybe & delyver to him and them charters, precepts and pro*curato*ries of resignatione and otheris writts necessare and requisite ffor that effect Containeing warrandice in manner after mentionate the s*aids* writts being allwayes made and formed and the superiors consent to the receiving of the s*aid* Resignatione or granting of the s*aid* Confirma*tio*ne purchast, procured, past & exped be the s*aid* Adam* Cairlyll* & his fore-

* In Rolls' hand.

saids upon their owne proper moyone charges and expenss With this provisione allwayes that the not payment of the foresaid feu dutie Be the space of two or three termes runing the gither shall be nae Cawse of nullitie or reductione of the foresaid infeftment notwithstanding of whatsomever act of parliament Either act law statute or practice of this Realm made or to be made in the Contrare *Where*anent I be thir presents dispenss for ever. And farther ffor certaine good cawses & considerationes moveing me I be thir presents exonnere & discharge the said Adam* Cairlyll* & his foresaids off the foresaid sowme of . . . . . money of ffeu dutie abovewritten as the retoured dutie of the foresaids lands swa lang as they shall hold the samen of me & my foresaids and that of all yeires and termes therefter to come & obleises me and my foresaids if neid beis to make and grant particulare discharges therof yeirlie and termlie if the samen shall ye desyred With warrandice ffrae our owne proper facts and deeds allenarlie And Because I am not yet infeft in the foresaids lands with the pertinentis therof as air to my said umq*uh*ill Brother Witt ye me to have made & constitute & ordained lykeas I be the Tennor heirof Make constitute & ordaine . . . . . and ilkane of them con*joint*lie and *sever*allie my verie law*fu*ll undoubted and irrevocable Pro*curato*res actors factors special messengers & errand bearers to the effect underwritten giveand grantand and commitand to them and ilkane of them con*joint*lie & *sever*allie as said is my verie full free plaine power special mandement express bidding & charge ffor me and in my name, upon my behalf to purchase & procure brieves ffurth of our Soveraigne Lords Chancerie ffor serveing of me as nearest & law*fu*ll air to the said umquhill James Carleill my brother in the lands abovewritten with the pertinentis And to cawse proclaime the samen & to procure me infeft in the foresaids lands as air to my said umquhill Brother & to call and conveene ane inqueist for that effect and give in my claime And to do all others things requisite and necessare *there*anent Or to purchase and procure precepts of Clare Constat ffrae my immediate superiors of the foresaids lands and therewith or Be vertew of precepts direct upon retoures proceeding upon the foresaid service to obtaine me infeft in the foresaids lands and to procure the seasines *there*of of regrat And generallie to do all other things requisite and necessare [anent the] premiss[es] *Wh*ilk I might do my self if I were personallie present And I being swa infeft & seased in the foresaids lands with the pertinentis with power to my saids pro*curato*res & ilkane of them con*joint*lie & *sever*allie [as] said is to compeir Before my immediate lawfull superiors of the samen their aires or successores att *what*somever time or place convenient and there

* In Rolls' hand.

with all dew reverence as becomes purelie & simplie be staffe & bastoune as use is to resigne surrander upgive & overgive likeas now as if I were alreadie infeft & seased in the foresaids lands as air to my said umquhill Brother and then as now I be the tennor heirof Resign surrander upgive & overgive all & haill the said ffourtie shilling land of auld extent of Newpark with the pertinentis lyand as said is in the hands of my saids immediate lawfull superiors thereof their aires & successores in ffavores of & ffor new heretable [in]feftment of the samen to be made and granted to the said Adam* Cairlyll* and his foresaids heretablie and irredeemablie in such dew and competent forme as effeires a[c]ts instruments & documents thereupon needful to ask lift & raise & generallie all & sundrie other things necessarie and requisite concerning the premisses whilks to the office of procuratorie in sick cases of the law & consuetude of this Realm necessarie is knowen to pertaine & belong or whilks I might do them myself if I were personallie present to do vse haunt & exerce promitten de Rata & whilk dispositione & procuratorie abovewritten with the lands & otheris above specifiet therin contained I binde and obleis me my aires executors & successores to warrand to the said Adam* Cairlyll* and his foresaids ffrae all facts and dedes done be me or my foresaids that may be hurtful or prejudiciall heirvnto in any sorte and ffarther I be thir presents make constitute and ordaine the said Adam* Cairlyll* and his foresaids my very lawfull undoubted and irrevocable cessioners & assignes in & to all and sundrie bands obligationes dispositiones charters seasines precepts procuratories of resignatione and otheris evidents & writts whatsomever made & granted to me or to my authors & predecessors off & concerning the lands abovewritten with the pertinentis of whatsomever daite or daits tennor or contents the samen be of clawses of warrandice therein contained and haill remanent heids articles & cawses thereof with all that hes followed or may follow thereupon surrogating and substituteing the said Adam* Cairlyll* and his foresaids in my full right title room & place of the premiss ffforever declareing this present generall assignatione to be als valide effectuall & sufficient as if the foresaids evidents & writts off the saids lands with the pertinentis were particularlie heirin infeft & herein assigned in speciall whereanent I be thir presents dispenss forever. And als I be the tennor heirof make constitute and ordaine the said Adam* Cairlyll* & his foresaids my undoubted and irrevocable cessioners & assignes in & to the mailles fermes profeits & dewties of the foresaids with the pertinentis als well of all yeires & termes bygane since my right therto as in time comeing Surrogating him & his foresaids in my full right and place

*In Rolls' hand.

*there*of with power to the *sai*d Adam* Cairlyll* & his fores*ai*ds to call & pursew for the samen Befor *what*somever judge or judges competent componne transact & [a]g[re]e [there]anent and to grant discharge *there*upon and to all other things requisite & necessare *there*anent *whi*lks I might do myself befor the makeing heirof *whi*lk assigna*ti*one abovewr*itte*n I binde & obleis me & my fores*ai*ds to warrand to the *sai*d Adam* Cairlyll* & his fores*ai*ds ffrae my owne proper f[a]ct & deed in this manner following allenarlie and no farther that is to say that I neither have made nor yet shall make any other assignatione discharge or any other right of the premises heirby assigned as *sai*d is in ffavores off any other personne of persones that may be hurtfull or prejudiciall heirunto [in] any sorte. And for the mair securitie I am content & consent thir pr*ese*nts be reg*iste*red insert & in the bookes of Counsell & Sessione or any other [in]ferior judges bookes competent within the kingdome of Scotland to have the strength of ane d*ecrei*t off any of the re*spec*tive[1] judges *there*of interponned *there*to & [tha]t letters of Horneing and simple charge of sex dayes only & otheris exe*cutoria*lls necessare may pas heirvpon in fforme as offeires and ffor that effect constitute

"My pro*curato*res &

in witness wherof (written be Mr patrick Crawfurd servitor to John Crawfurd wryter to his Maj*es*ties Signet) I have subs*cribed* thir pr*ese*nts with my hand Att[a] the Pell Mell in Westminster the twenty fourth day of May Mvj & seventie ane years Before thir witnesse*s* Charles Gray Residenter n the Pell Mell in Westminster and James Rolls Writer in Ed*in*b*urgh* filler up heirof and inserter of the date & witnesse*s* namis

"Lodowick Carliell

"Charles Gray witnes

"James Rolls witnes

"This disposition is registered in the Books of Council & Session [Edinburgh] (Jr Clks) the 21 day of December 1748 and upon the 22 Feby 1750 the extract compared with the pricipal dispos[n] at the Registry which seems to be formally executed. The Disponee's name Adam Carlile having been originally blank everywhere in the Dispos[n] appears to be filled up by the same hand who fills up the date & witnesses—Compared by Alex[r] Goldie Writer of the Signet & James Smith."

The copy above is a word-for-word copy of the deed, keeping the original spelling, italicizing expansions of contracted forms, and using

* In Rolls' hand. [1] Abbreviated: *rexive*.

[a] From this point in Rolls' hand, except two of the signatures.

brackets for letters or words supplied where the manuscript is broken or illegible. The spaces left are in the original. Adam Carlyll's name is always written in the hand of James Rolls, who also completes the document, beginning with "Att the Pell Mell." James Rolls may have represented Adam's part in the transaction, and Charles Gray may have acted in Lodowick's behalf; there was a Charles Gray whose name appears in the list of servants of the Royal Household in 1629, when Lodowick Carliell was groom of the king and queen's privy chamber.

APPENDIX B

"BRIDEKIRK'S HUNTING"[1]

The Cock's at the crawing,
The day's at the dawning,
The Cock's at crawing,
We're o'er lang here.
Bridekirk's hunting,
Bridekirk's hunting,
Bridekirk's hunting,
The morn an it be fair.

There's *Bridekirk* and *Brackenwhat,*
Limekilns and *Thorniwhat,*
Dormont and *Murraywhat,*
An a will be there.
Bridekirk's, etc.

There's Gingler and Gouler,
Tingler and Touler,
Thy dog and my dog,
An a will be there.
Bridekirk's, etc.

Fie, rin Nipsey,
Fie, rin Nipsey,
Fie, rin Nipsey,
Thou gangs near the hare.
Bridekirk's, etc.

But bonny Nipatatie,
But bonny Nipatatie,
But bonny Nipatatie,
Thou gripes the wylie hare.
Bridekirk's, etc.

[1] Nicholas Carlisle, *Collections for a History of the Ancient Family of Carlisle*, (London, 1822), p. 177.

APPENDIX C

COPY OF THE KING'S WARRANT IN FAVOUR OF ELEANOR CARLISLE

"Edenburgh the 16th of September 1698

"Annent the petition given in to the Kings Most excellent Majesty by Eleanor Carlisle, Bearing that the poore petitioner having lost her two brothers in his Majesties Service And that her grandfather & father having been Master Huntsmen to King James the first of England, and King Charles the first of ever blessed memorie, And that her Uncle Lodovick Carlisle having been one of the Equires to the Queen Mother, In which Service he acquyred One Thousand & five Hundred pound sterline and put the same in the Exechequer of England, To which your petitioner has now undoubted right The want whereof hath reduced her to a very low, yea starving Condition as can be made appeare by a large Certificat under the hands of Nynteen Barons & gentlemen, The two bailiffs two ministers & one Elder of the town of Annand in Scotland therewith ready to produce Craveing Therefore, It would please his Majestie (out of his Royal goodness) To bestow upon her Some Share of his Royall bounty for her present Subsistance; And yearly pension out of his Exchequer for her future Mentainance, as the said petition beares.

"Sic suprascribitur William R.

"We having Considered the abov writen petition It is our will & pleasure That ye pay or Cause to be payed to the said Eleanor Carlisle or her Order The sum of Twenty pound sterline Money, And you are also hereby impowered To give her such ane allowance yearly out of what Money are destinat for pious & Charitable uses, as upon examination of her Circumstances you shall find they deserve, for doeing whereof This shall be your warrand, Given at our Court at Kensington the Eight day of June 1698. and of our Reign the 10th yeare. By his Majts Command sic subscribitur Ja: Ogilvie.

"Directed thus. To the Lords Commissioners of our Thesaury of our Antient Kingdom of Scotland."

Marked outside: "Doubl Kings Warrand in favoures of Eleanor Carlisle 1698"

APPENDIX D

LODOWICK CARLIELL'S WILL

The will of Lodowick Carliell, of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, is at Somerset House. It is dated July 26, 1675, and states that he, being weak in body but sound in mind, appoints his wife Joan sole executrix. The money due to him from the King is to be divided: one "moyety" to pay his just debts, the other to go to his wife. And since the first moyety greatly exceeds the amount of his debts, the remainder is to go likewise to his wife for her livelihood. The witnesses of the will are: Frances Burwell, Penelope Palmer (probably related to his wife, Joan Palmer), John Fisher (his son-in-law), and Dorothy Cratey. The will was proved before Kenelm Digby, September 25, 1675.

APPENDIX E

JOAN CARLIELL'S WILL

The will of Joan Carliell, dated December 3, 1677, is at Somerset House, and was proved August 17, 1681. The substance is as follows: She desires to be buried as near as may be to her late deceased husband at Petersham, and says that "whereas there was due to her late Husband at the time of his death, of the arrears of his pension of £200 per annum, granted by his Majesty, that now is (Charles the Second), the sum of £1400 or thereabouts, all which, together with what hath become due since her Husband's death, is still unpaid, except £175, and by reason thereof her Husband's debts are likewise unpaid," she desires that all her own and her husband's debts shall be paid out of the first money paid by the king, and the residue she gives in sums to her daughter, Ellen Carliel, widow and relict of her son, James Carliel, to her son-in-law, John Fisher, of the Middle Temple, gentleman, to her grandsons, Lodowick and James Carliell, and to the three children of John Fisher that he had by his late wife, Penelope, her daughter. In case the arrears of the pension be not received in due time for the debts, her pictures are to be sold and the amount distributed among her creditors; but if the debts can be satisfied out of the arrears, the pictures are to be divided equally between her grandchildren, Lodowick and James. She appoints as executors John Fisher and Ellen Carliel.

By a codicil, December 31, 1678, she leaves "to her deare freind Mrs. Hermann, the picture of 'The Princesse—in white sattin;' to her daughter Carliel, the little 'St. Katherine' and the 'Mercury;' and to 'worthy Mrs. Colt,' the picture of the 'Lady Bedford,' hanging in her staircase."